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1. 130 L. M. C.

147

CG

[Annie R.
Cousin]

Bm c



WILLIAM MACLEOD.
U. F. MANSE.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.





IMMANUEL'S LAND,

AND OTHER PIECES.

By A. R. C.



LONDON:
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IMMANUEL'S LAND.

THE LAST WORDS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The Summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

Oh ! well it is for ever,
Oh ! well for evermore,
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore :
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
Since glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of Heaven
With ravishing perfume :
Oh ! to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

The King there, in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen :
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between :
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

Oh, Christ ! He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

E'en Anwoth was not heaven,
E'en preaching was not Christ ;

And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst :
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's Land.

But that He built a Heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little New Jerusalem,
Like to the one above,
'Lord, take me o'er the water,'
Had been my loud demand,
'Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's Land.'

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew ;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew :
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scanned ;
But glory, shadeless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

The little birds of Anwoth
I used to count them blest,
Now, beside happier altars
I go to build my nest :

Fair Anwoth by the Solw
To me thou still art de
E'en on the verge of Hea
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh ! if one soul from Anw
Meet me at God's right
My Heaven will be two H
In Immanuel's Land.

I've wrestled on towards H
'Gainst storm, and wind,
Now, like a weary traveller,
That leaneth on his guid
Amid the shades of evening
While sinks life's lingerin
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's Land.

Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's Land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love :—
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's Land.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert briar
Break into Eden's rose ;
The curse shall change to blessing,
The name on earth that's banned,
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's Land.

Oh ! I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his house of wine :
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise,
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes :
'Tween me and resurrection,
But Paradise doth stand ;
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's Land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercèd hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's Land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,
For Christ's thrice blessèd name :
Where God His seal set fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand ;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's Land.

They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come,—

My Lord says, 'Come up hither,'
My Lord says, 'Welcome Home !'
My kingly King, at His white throne,
My presence doth command,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

**'AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP, WILL DRAW
ALL UNTO ME.'**

LORD CHRIST, we hear Thee cry, 'Look unto me!'
Thy pleading voice stirs with its echoing thrill
The silence of the centuries, and we see
Thy form stretched dim on Calvary's darkened hill.

We would not hide our faces nor despise,
But yet there is no beauty ;—from afar
Thou seem'st to search us with appealing eyes,
But blinding films of sense our vision mar.

We only see a pale and thorn-bound brow,
A face all sorrow, arms extended wide,
Sore-piercèd feet, whence blood is ebbing slow,
Scourge-furrowed shoulders, and a wounded side.

There is no glory in that rude, bare tree,
Looming so dark against the lowering sky ;
The central shame of all the shame-clad three,
Type of the curse and bitterest agony.

But, oh ! Lord Christ, we will look yet again,
From out the soul's dim places, dark and cold !
Oh that our eyes were touched to see Thee plain,
Like his, outside Bethsaida's walls of old !

Lo ! as we gaze, our vision grows more clear,
Thou art revealed in light that is Thine own,
Tender and holy ; we are drawing near ;
Thou fill'st our sight, Redeeming One, alone.

'Tis Heaven's true King that wears that crown of thorn,
Earth's Maker hanging yonder, weak and wan ;
Our Friend, our Brother, thus disowned, forlorn,
The Light, the Life of men, who dies for man.

O Divine Love ! O loving Lord and God !
We look—we would for ever look—to Thee !
Thy beauty dawns, Thy glory beams abroad ;
O Sun of our salvation ! now we see !

Soon shalt Thou be transfigured to our sight !
Uplifted—in the midst—but on a throne,
Thy wounds shall stream with rays of tender light,
Thy cross remembered, but Thy sorrow gone.

'HE THAT COMETH TO GOD MUST
BELIEVE THAT HE IS.'

THOUGH wide between, the murmuring ages roll,
Still sounds that Voice which from the silence
came ;

Thou, the Rewarder of the seeking soul,
Of old hast uttered Thine eternal name.

'I Am,' Thou sayest ; and Thou Art, whom none
Hath seen or can see. Unapproachèd light
Is Thy dread dwelling, self-existent One !
But to pure hearts Thou givest inward sight.

Thou art not hid creation's veil behind—
Her orb-wrought veil of dazzling warp and woof—
Beauty and mystery, by dark nature twined ;
They find Thee who to seek Thee have made
proof.

Thou workest hitherto ; Thou dost not wear
The iron mask of cold necessity.

Laws are thy living will felt everywhere ;
Life is Thy spoken word ; Thou bad'st us be.

Heav'n is no dull, blind cavity ; we raise
Our trusting look, and meet the Parent Eye.
Thy children ask of Thee,—we sing Thee praise,
And Thou dost hear us ; and we shall not die.

Thou drawest us into the desert place ;
We own Thy presence in the fire-girt tree ;
We doff our sandals, and we veil our face ;
The solitude is all aflame with Thee.

We come to Thee, believing that Thou art,
We seek Thyself as our rewarding bliss.
' I Am,' hath sounded through our secret heart,
And its divinest deeps give forth ' He is.'

No jasper blaze, nor glow of amethyst
Hast Thou, unveiling, given our eyes to see :
We have beheld the pure, sad face of Christ,
And we have worshipped, recognising Thee.

'THE EVENING BRINGETH ALL THINGS
HOME.'

MILD HOUR, so soft, so reconciling,
With its faint chimes, and dusk, and dew!
Now earth sinks to her slumber smiling,—
All nature to the time is true,
E'en the small star o'er ocean's foam :
The evening bringeth all things home.

The peaceful herds are homeward wending,
The swans are sailing to the reeds,
Grey mists are with the shadows blending,
And twilight creeps across the meads,
The sun slants down the heights he clomb :
The evening bringeth all things home.

The children to their sleep are sinking,
Their prayer breathed on their mother's breast ;
The weary flowers cool dews are drinking ;
Tree, fold, and stall are full of rest,
The lamp is lit in heaven's clear dome :
The evening bringeth all things home.

Lord, stretch Thine evenings oftentimes o'er me—
Still seasons of serene repose,
When starry vistas ope before me,
And light's loud gates behind me close.
'Neath the world's noon my fancies roam :
The evening bringeth all things home.

And when, with silent sandals treading,
The shades of death to rest invite,—
Faith's silver radiance o'er me spreading,—
At evening time it shall be light,
God's mansions glowing through the gloom :
The evening bringeth all things home.

DYING ALONE.

TWILIGHT o'er the sea is fading
Dull, dull and dead ;
And the restless moon is wading
Dim, dim o'erhead.

In the cottage there is weeping,
Raise soft the latch !
Anxious, fearful hearts are keeping
Long, weary watch.

On the bed a form is lying,
Pain-tossed and pale :
'Tis the fisher's child a-dying,
List her sad wail !

Father ! mother ! I am going—
Where ? tell me where,
Waves of darkness round me flowing,
No star is there !

Loving father ! brave, strong brother !
 Bold hearts at sea ;
Gentle sister ! tender mother !
 Oh ! die with me !

Oh for one to lean on only,—
 One hand to hold !
For the night is very lonely,
 And the stream cold.

Ah ! the brave—the tender-hearted—
 They could not save ;
For the line of death had parted,
 This side the grave.

There was One that would have waded
 Close by her side ;
One that would have cheered and aided,
 For He had died.

He had plunged where gulfs yawned deepest,
 Trode places dim ;
Gained the shore where banks frowned steepest :
 Had she sought Him,

Cloud and sea had then divided
 'Neath His strong rod,—
He to golden rest had guided,—
 Bright calms of God.

In the cottage there is weeping,
Sob-laden breath ;
But the fisher's child is sleeping
Still, still in death.

O'er the sea pale gleams are shifting,
Winds wildly moan ;
While a soul is outward drifting
All—all alone.

UNDER THE TREE.

I PET. II. 24.

THERE falls a shadow over me,
Through all my spirit stealing,—
The shadow of a sombre tree ;
Yet, in its gloom, is healing.
The darkness that it casts to-day
Shall melt in light to-morrow ;
I love beneath its shade to stay—
That dark, drear Tree of Sorrow.

Its arms it stretches straight and wide,
In sign of silent blessing ;
I shelter at its storm-rent side,
Close to my refuge pressing.
Those blighted boughs, so bare to-day,
Shall break in bloom to-morrow ;
For each sharp thorn, a glistening spray
Shall deck the Tree of Sorrow.

Its whisperings breathe of peace and calm
By Godlike lips once spoken ;

Its dews distil a fragrant balm—
Love from the Heart once broken.
Its shadow shapes my cross to-day,
Its leaf shall crown to-morrow ;
Its fruit shall be my feast for aye—
The sere, bleak Tree of Sorrow !

And round its foot, a cool green spot,
Full many a flower uncloses,—
Mild heart's-ease, fair forget-me-not,
And love's sweet, sighing roses.
And joy's rich note, though dumb to-day,
Shall sweetly gush to-morrow ;
While hope, to cheer the brief delay,
Sings from the Tree of Sorrow.

The song I sing is faint and sad,
Yet 'tis of love I'm singing :
And soon it shall be strong and glad,
Through realms of glory ringing.
A song of love and sighs to-day—
Of love and joy to-morrow,
To Him who poured His life away
Upon the Tree of Sorrow.

WHAT ARE THESE WOUNDS?

ZECH. XIII. 6.

‘WHAT are these wounds in Thy hands,
Thou golden-sceptred King,
That swayest those burning and shining bands,—
Those armies that serve and sing?’

‘These are my wounds in the house of my friends,
In a land afar, in a time of old,
When I sojourned among them, disowned and poor,
And for silver was priced and sold.’

Yet these are the hands that wrought their weal,
That were laid on the sick to soothe and heal,
That touched the leper, the blind that led,
That rested in love on the children’s head,
That brake the bread in the wilderness,
That were folded to pray, and upraised to bless,
That toiled unceasing to do them good :
And they nailed these hands to the rood !

‘What are these wounds in Thy feet,
Thou who in triumph hast trod

O'er Thy fallen foes to claim Thy seat
On the throne of eternal God ?'

' These are my wounds in the house of my friends,
When I came to my own in an age long gone ;
When I wandered rejected—despised of men,
When to know me there was none.'

Yet these are the feet that had sped to save,
That stood by the couch, the bier, and the grave,
That walked in might on the midnight sea,
That were weary on highways of Galilee,
That sought no rest between Mary's womb
And the cool, still night of the garden tomb ;
And—sight that the sun refused to see—
They nailed those feet to the tree !

' What are these wounds in Thy brow,
Thou Victor of dread renown ;
Shrined in the beam of the emerald bow,
Thou King of the shining crown ?'

' These are my wounds in the house of my friends,
Dealt by rude hands in that distant time
When I emptied myself—when I stooped so low,
Towards a loftier height to climb.'

Yet these are the brows that shone with grace,
That mirrored the love of the Father's face,

That smiled on the joy of the marriage board,
That saddened when human tears were poured,
That were furrowed so early with burdening care,
The dews of the homeliest toil that bare,
That, save on sin, ne'er darkened or frowned :
And these brows with thorn they crowned !

‘ What is this wound in Thy side,
Thou ever living Lord,
Crowned, sceptred, enthroned, and glorified,
Worshipped, and blest, and adored ? ’

‘ This is my wound in the house of my friends,
Who knew not their deed in that day of the past ;
That day which hath coloured eternity,
And shall fix its hues at the last. ’

Yet He would have gathered them all to His side,
He opened His arms and His bosom wide,
He bowed His head to the righteous rod,
He gave up His soul to His Father God ;
From His broken heart burst water and blood,
The crystal tide and the crimson flood.
Oh ! death was bitter ; but souls were dear :
And they pierced His side with the spear !

‘ Who smote Thee, Thou Christ ?—yet stay,
I know these wounds, whence they came.

I have counted them, wept o'er them night and day
In silence—in sorrow—in shame.'

' True, thine was the traitorous hand, O friend,
It dealt these wounds of mine ;
Yet look, as thou mournest, on Him thou hast
pierced,—
My wounds have healèd thine.'

Yes, O soul, these hands that thou madest bleed,
Bear thy name engraved while they intercede ;
These feet that were nailed to the cruel tree
Aye stand in the presence of God for thee ;
The brow thy hand did with thorn entwine
Is lifted to plead 'mid the light divine ;
And the print that is seen in that piercèd side
Still tells how He bought thee, His ransomed bride !

THE WRATH OF THE LAMB.

HARK ! the curfew of creation,
Covering Time's pale lights with gloom,
Knelling out the lost salvation,
Ushering in the lasting doom !

Christ on the white cloud is seated,
Round His lips no smile of grace ;
Heaven and earth and seas have fled
From before His fixed face.

All the sum of judgment lieth
In that passionless, calm look ;
Every age its doom descrieth,
Writ as in an open book.

This is He who, mild rebuking,
Bade the sinner sin no more ;
He who, love's poor service brooking,
Saved the woman weeping sore.

'Neath Zaccheus' roof who tarried,
 Tamed the raging Gadarene ;
 Life to Sychar's lost one carried,
 Rescued Mary Magdalene.

Once to Him the worst transgressor
 Might have fearlessly appealed ;
 Now there is no intercessor,
 Grace is now a fountain sealed.

All His wounds, once wide and bleeding,
 Now are closed to cleanse no more ;
 All His scars, for vengeance pleading,
 Witness to the woes He bore.

'Midst those woes, He sought to borrow
 Pity from a human eye ;
 But they mocked His matchless sorrow,
 On the cross they passed Him by.

Now they call to seas and fountains,
 'Wash us from this awful blood ;'
 Now they call to rocks and mountains,
 'Hide us from this Lamb of God.'

But the earth, that silent mother,
 Loud accusing lips hath found ;
 And the blood of Christ their Brother
 Cries against them from the ground.

THE WRATH OF THE LAMB. 31

Earth must all her dead deliver,
May not cover now her slain ;
They must shieldless roam for ever,
Smitten with the curse of Cain.

They must bear the brand immortal,
Fugitive through lands of loss ;
And the bar on doom's dark portal
Is the Shadow of the Cross.

'THEY SHALL LIE DOWN IN THE
EVENING.'

ZEPH. II. 7.

'THEY shall lie down in the evening,'—
Softly o'er the ear of age,
Comes that word unto the weary,
In their long, late pilgrimage :
There's an hour of still refreshing
From the burden and the heat,
That shall calm the world-worn spirit,
That shall cool the way-worn feet.

'They shall lie down in the evening,'—
Oh, it rings like chimes of rest,
Stealing towards them in the twilight,
From the dim and dreamy west ;
For the noon has felt so sultry,
And the path has seemed so long ;
Now the day has hushed its voices,
They can hear the even-song.

'They shall lie down in the evening,'—
And the heart shall find repose,
Time to tell life's tale of blessing
Ere the solemn shadows close ;
Time to take a loving survey
Ere the well-known landscape fade,
And the call to come up higher
Shall be silently obeyed.

They have climbed life's sunbeat summit,
They have lingered on its slope ;
Now they rest in the low valley
With a vesper star of hope ;
In the arms of home endearment,
On affection's cradling breast,
Children's children round them clustered,
Rising up to call them blest.

Though some unforgotten faces,
That in olden days were dear,
May have vanished like the snowdrops
From the spring-time of the year,
Yet they know that God is nursing
Those sweet lives 'neath milder skies,
To adorn the second spring-tide
With a fair and sweet surprise.

And they own a surer refuge
Than affection's dearest charm,

For around and underneath them
Is the Everlasting Arm.
They are housed in Christ's own bosom,
Ere the chilling night dews fall ;
Many a tired head there is resting,
But He maketh room for all.

So they lie down in the evening,
And with none to make afraid ;
Looking calmly towards the river
Dimly gleaming through the shade.
Death shall seem but summer darkness,
For the lights of earthly love
There shall merge into the brightness
That is breaking from above.

REVERSES.

I.

CALL me not Naomi, call me Mara !
The Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me !
I went out full, and home He brings me empty,
The changed, the desolated thing ye see.

The husband of my youth, the sons I bore him,
Lie buried lone in Moab's unblest ground ;
We wandered not till failed our harvest fulness,
And graves and widowhood were all we found.

Call me not Naomi, call me Mara !
For He who blessed my basket and my store,
E'en from the exile's home makes me an outcast,
And this, the place that knew me, knows no more.

Uncultured lies, by hands that wont to tend it,
The once fair portion of Elimelech ;
Wild grows the vineyard, darkened is the dwelling,
The heritage, the household—all a wreck.

My husband died : lone was our lot in Moab ;
But when my sons took wives to cheer the hearth,
(And they were young, and fair, and mirthful-hearted),
It seemed that home might smile again on earth.

And we had many an hour of quiet gladness
'Neath the vine shadow—by the evening well,
At housewife's task, and round the household altar,
Where sweet the praise of Israel's God did swell.

At last the sorrow came—the mighty sorrow,
That crushed the young life with its flower in blow,
With'ring the aged heart's last lingering greenness,
Making us doubly one, in love and woe.

Now comes the banished one, not all forsaken !
One beating heart clings closely to my side,
With me to live, to die, and to be buried—
Beneath Jehovah's shadow to abide.

II.

Call me no more Mara, but Naomi !
The Almighty hath dealt lovingly with me ;
He brings me from the exile's land rejoicing,
And from the shades of mourning sets me free.

And now, methinks, restored to Judah's border,
My spirit finds its sanctuary again,

Like wearied dove that, trembling into calmness,
Pours from the refuge rock its soothèd strain.

Upon my breast there smiles a tender blossom,
That twines its tendrils round my yearning heart ;
I am not left this day without a kinsman ;
Our memory from the gate shall not depart.

Who would have said this joy for me was treasured,
Again to cherish children on my knee ?
And she who is instead of sons hath borne him—
She who dealt kindly with the dead and me.

He shall our name in Ephratah make famous ;
My staff of strength, upholder of my age,
Light of my eyes—my faded life's restorer—
Blessing the evening of my pilgrimage.

'THE WORLD KNEW HIM NOT.'

I.

DEAR Babe of Bethlehem ! Thy smile
Was like the morn's faint gold
That rims the unconscious earth, the while
She lies all drowsed and cold.
Earth knew not that a dawn had burst,
Her freshness to restore ;
To make her glad as at the first,
And innocent once more.

II.

Fair Boy of Nazareth ! Thy youth
Was tenderly sublime ;
The perfect mould of grace and truth—
The miracle of Time.
Men knew not that Thy toils obscure,
'Mid scenes of sordid strife,
Were carving out, with touches pure,
The one Ideal Life.

III.

Sad Man of Sychar ! giving breath
And life to spirits dead,
Yet ever moving on to death
With firm and patient tread.
Men knew not it was their dark ill
Thou barest night and day,
In silence up life's weary hill,
Through death's o'ershadowed way.

IV.

Pale Christ of Calvary ! 'tis here
Thou'rt most of all unknown !
Here Zion's daughters drop the tear,—
All, here, Thy *meekness* own.
'A lesson fair of love,' they cry,
'A martyr deed well done !'
They pass the world's *Sin-bearer* by,
And drag their burden on.

SACRAMENTAL SEASONS.

THESE are 'our Lord's forget-me-nots,'
With tender meaning rife,
That spring in green and quiet spots
By the wayside of life.

He strews them on our path to greet
Our weary, world-worn eyes ;
To stir our heart with memories sweet
And glad-voiced prophecies.

They bring us smiles of holy love
From heaven's pure starry blue ;
They bid us lift our gaze above
From earth's dim tearful dew.

Dear Bride of Christ ! these flowers have sprung,
Brightening thy widowed way,
Since the fair hour when love was young—
Thy warm espousal day.

From threshold of yon upper room,
 'Mid cities vast and strange,
Beside the stake—beside the tomb,—
 Thro' war, and storm, and change,

Our Lord's forget-me-nots have sown
 Their message fond and true,
And faithful hearts have braver grown
 Their strivings to renew.

To-day we pluck them fresh and free,
 We place them in our breast,—
'This do in memory of Me,'
 He said, who loves us best.

Dear Bride ! how oft yet must they spring
 For thee from stage to stage ?
How oft must rolling seasons bring
 This welcome sweet presage ?

While thou art still a stranger here,
 The sport of wintry skies,
While shadows on thy brow appear,
 And longing fills thine eyes ;—

While sorrow marks thy steps beneath,
 While thou art far from home,
Thou must show forth thy Bridegroom's death,
 But only 'till He come.'

BEFORE THE DAWN.

O THOU that baskest in the ray
So pure, so warm, so clear,
Of the thrice blessed Christian day
That shines around us here ;

Let thankful thought a moment be
From thine own bliss withdrawn,
To weep for those who longed to see—
But died before the dawn.

The scattered gleams at Nature's feast,
On wisdom's scroll, they nursed ;
They turned their faces to the East,
And longed for day to burst.

They saw, by their uncertain light,
The dazzling darkness yawn ;
They pondered awestruck in the night,—
But died before the dawn.

Yet, was there ne'er a hovering cloud
Where mountain peaks aspire,
While the dark earth lay in her shroud,
Tinged by an unseen fire?

And did there ne'er a quivering lark,
Piercing its airy way,
Catch on its breast a ruby spark
From the unrisen day?

Hush, be content! have faith in God!
The Sun that shines to save
Once set upon the cross in blood,
And rose—but from the grave.

So deep Divine compassion glows;
Thence are our yearnings drawn:
Or we had never wept for those
Who died before the dawn.

'JESUS ONLY.'

MATT. XVII. 8.

SIGHT of glory ! sight of wonder !
Once revealed to mortal eye
On the Holy Mountain yonder,
'Neath the cloud's bright canopy :
Jesus with His saints appearing,
In a pure out-streaming light ;
Snowy, sun-bright garments wearing,
Whitening all the dusk of night.

Blessed eyes, by love held waking,
In that secret watch of prayer !
Heaven was on the darkness breaking,
Forms of glory hovered there.
But, One stood supreme and lonely,
When the shining scene grew dim ;
And the three saw Jesus only,—
Found themselves alone with Him.

Yes ; for He must single labour,
Peerless shine, and lonely die ;

Solitary on Mount Tabor,
Desolate on Calvary ;
In a sacred region soaring,
Where none else may dare intrude ;
On the cross His soul outpouring
In sublimest solitude.

Gazing on the vision golden,
E'en with many a film between,
With these heavy eyes half holden,
Still the same great sight is seen :
Though the bright cloud be uptaken,
Lawgiver and prophet gone,
Yet in kingly calm unshaken
Jesus standeth forth alone :—

Now in pathos of His Passion,
Clouds of sadness on His face ;
Now in fair transfigured fashion
Making bright the moonless place :
With His five deep wounds wide streaming,
And His pleading hands outspread ;
With His snowy garments gleaming,—
Wreaths of glory round His head.

Trust we, then, no more in sorrow
O'er the soiled and buried years ;
Nor in strivings of to-morrow
Fruitless as our fallen tears ;

But 'neath Time's drear midnight lonely
On life's darksome mountain-height,
Let us look to Jesus only,
Shrined in holy, healing light.

In our hearts the vision hiding,
Mindful what the Master said ;
In a silent faith abiding,
Till the rising from the dead ;
Till the gleam so transitory,
Breaking bright and waning dim,
Change to everlasting glory
For His servants and for Him.

CHRIST WITHIN THE VEIL.

ART can depict for us the Holy Child
With a sweet majesty of brow and eyes,—
A King on Mary's knee—with aureole mild
Of kindling gold, as when the sun doth rise.

And Art the features marred and dim can trace,
Seen 'neath the eclipse of Calvary's noontide wan,
Blend love and sorrow in the darkening face,
And breathe with thrilling power, 'Behold the Man.'

Art, too, can picture a dead Christ at rest,
Discrowned and pale in His majestic sleep:
A Son of earth on the great mother's breast,
While o'er the nail-torn limbs sad women weep.

And Art can body forth the Crucified
In risen might still lingering round His grave,
Showing to wistful saints His hands and side,
Soothing the suppliant to His feet that clave.

But reverence here arrests the noblest flight,
The purest dream, the subtlest touch of Art ;
'Tis faith alone, with pencil of sweet light,
May trace the Unseen—and only on the heart.

'WALKING BY SIGHT.'

TRUE, I have heard Thee in the stormy night,
Speaking Thy peace abroad ;
True, I have seen Thee by the furnace light,—
One like the Son of God.

True, I have felt Thee leading by the hand
Up the dark, unknown way ;
But oh, in sunshine at Thy side to stand,
On heights of cloudless day !

Long, pilgrim-wise, in paths where shadows flit,
Hast Thou fared on with me ;
Soon o'er the hills of home, with glory lit,
I'll 'walk about' with Thee.

Thy smile, e'en now, through veils that intervene,
Shines warmly from above ;
But sweeter far, than thus to love unseen,
To see Thee and to love.

LUTHER AT THE DEATH-BED OF HIS
DAUGHTER MAGDALENA.

LITTLE LENA, darling Lena,
Lying there without a fear,
Hastening to thy Father yonder,—
Lingering with thy father here !

Thou art ready, and contented
Hence to go or here to lie,
While I pray love's saddest prayer—
'Lord, release her !—let her die !'

Though the flesh is weak to suffer,
Yet to struggle—oh, how strong !
But if flesh be now so powerful,
What will spirit be ere long ?

Yesternight, Melancthon saw thee
In a dream my heart hath read,
Walking white-robed through the cloister ;
Holier courts thou soon shalt tread.

OF HIS DAUGHTER MAGDALENA. 51

God will have two saints in heaven,
Born and bred my roof beneath ;
Fondly prized, but freely given,—
Lena and Elizabeth.

Thou must die,—earth quick must hide thee
From thy parents' longing eyes ;—
Thou must die ; but star-like, sun-like,
Oh, my child, thou shalt arise !

THE KING'S COUNTRY.

WHEN shall this heart, long pining,
Its King and Country see?
Where glory's sun is shining,
How gladly I would be!

Oh, heaven is God's high garden,
And Christ is heaven's Rose,
And I would wade the Jordan
To see how fair it grows.

Wet foot, and way-worn raiment,
And night, and storm, and toil,
Should win a rich repayment
On that bright, sunlit soil.

There, lowers no shadow wintry;
There, all the flowers expand;
'Tis love's own native Country—
The saints' sweet Fatherland.

Dark streams are still dividing
Between my Lord and me ;
Time's midnight hills are hiding
The land I fain would see.

But oh, the wondrous morrow !
Life without pain or loss,—
The saints without their sorrow,—
And Christ without the Cross !

O angel ! sound thy warning
That time shall be no more !
Shine—shine, thou heavenly morning,
Upon the holy shore !

O Lord ! recall Thy banished,
And home Thy weary bring
To view, where night has vanished,
My Country and my King.

BETHEL'S.

O EARTH ! thou hast thy Bethels yet,
Each to its dreamer dear ;
Where hearts and heaven, by links of light,
Are drawn in secret near ;—
Hast yet thy lonely Patmos-isles,
Where the world's banished stand,
Tranced by the visions and the strains
Borne from the glory-land.

A stranger's eye the holy ground
May coldly wander o'er,—
Mark but a stony midnight wild,
Or barren, sea-beat shore ;
But fond the conscious spirit dwells
Where love's first gleam was given ;
Nor e'en, in waking bliss, forgets
Its early dream of heaven.

The lone place by the river shore,
Where prayer of old was made,—

The peaceful bowers of Bethany,
And Cana's fig-tree shade ;—
Each twilight field where musing men
Have silently adored ;—
Where'er towards heaven a dove-like soul
On sun-bathed wing hath soared :

These are the consecrated spots,
Familiar all, above ;
Where angels and their sceptred Lord
For ever rest in love.
These still shall come upon the heart,
Though brighter scenes arise ;
When thou, loved earth, shalt be renewed,
And you be changed, fair skies !

THE CROSS.

GAL. VI. 14.


I GLORY in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Thy Cross of shrouded awe !
Thou barest here the load abhorred,
But none thy travail saw.
God's darkness on Thy death came down—
Thy Sonship's drear eclipse ;
Yet on Thy brow was sorrow's crown,
And triumph on thy lips.
The terrors of that strange sad day
Still strike athwart the years ;
In mystery not rolled away
The storm-veiled Cross appears.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Thy conquering Cross of power !
It draws with a resistless cord
In Love's own sovereign hour.
Uplifted o'er a world of hate,
Beneath a heaven of doom,

Outcast, forlorn, and desolate,
Wrapt in a robe of gloom :
E'en thus Thou drawest all to Thee,
Bound captive as Thou art !
Thy Cross, O Christ, shall ever be
The magnet of the heart.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Thy blood-stained Cross of peace !
Here Thou hast wrestled—Thou hast warred,
And here my strugglings cease.
Here powers and princedom were o'erthrown,
And rebels reconciled ;
Here on His suffering Holy One
The Judge and Father smiled.
Around may rage a wrathful flood,
And wild the waves may toss ;
But here for aye the Dove shall brood,—
Peace nestleth at the Cross.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
The Cross that sanctifies !
Here, Eden's freshness is restored,
Its youth about us lies.
The fountain opened floweth free,
Ne'er to be sealed again ;
Yet, ere the stream gushed forth from Thee,
Thy heart was rent in twain.



How sacred is this robe of mine !
How precious in Thy sight !
How fair before the throne 'twill shine,
Beneath the Cross washed white !

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Upreared in God's decree,
Foretold in sure prophetic word,
Sharp-hewn by man for Thee.
The shadow of the Cross was cast
From all eternity ;
Its form traced dimly on the past
This death that Thou shouldst die.
And sunshine from the Cross shall fill
The eternal future bright ;
The Lamb shall be its glory still,
The Crucified its light.

O Christ ! Thou couldst not hence come down !
Thyself Thou couldst not save !—
Bound more by love unto Thine own
Than by the nails they drave.
Here still the lost shall look to Thee,
And meet Thy yearning eyes ;
While to each faint ' Remember me,'
Thou openest Paradise.
To Thy marred feet shall mourners come,
Gaze on Thy woe divine,

Till hearts are stilled and lips are dumb
Before this Cross of Thine.

Here, as I weep and worship, LORD,
My soul in wonder cries,
O cursèd sin !—O keen-edged sword !— ✓
O costly sacrifice !
I view with awe the holy blood,
Almighty to atone,
And muse how all who here have stood
Were ransomed one by one.
They cast their varied burdens down,
And joined the radiant throng ;
Now, while they wear the shining crown,
The Cross is all their song.

'BLESSED ARE THE HOME-SICK, FOR
THEY SHALL COME HOME.'

THE stranger land is lovely,
But still it looks strange ;
Its skies are fair and smiling,
But swiftly they change :
Its morning dew is fleeting,
Its fiery noon kills,
Its suns haste toward their setting
Behind the dark hills.
Its moonlight sheds a sorrow,
Its star-beams shine cold ;
And the pilgrim feels a pining
That ne'er may be told :
Crying, Oh for my country !—
How long must I roam ?
Now blessed are the home-sick,
For they shall come home !

The stranger land hath roses,
But faint is their breath,

And feverish their glowing:
They die a pale death.
The thorns are thickly planted,
Each bud hides a worm,
And the freshest, fairest clusters
Are strewn 'neath the storm.
And many a flower doth wither
While yet in the fold,
And the pilgrim feels a pining
That ne'er may be told :
Crying, Oh for my country,—
Its breath and its bloom !
Now blessed are the home-sick,
For they shall come home !

The stranger land hath summers
That ripen and shine ;
It hath sheaves of the valley,
And fruits of the vine.
But the glory swift departeth,
The light will not last,
The summer soon is ended—
The harvest soon past.
A drought is on the beauty,
It dims and grows old,
And the pilgrim feels a pining
That ne'er may be told :
Crying, Oh for my country,—
The land without the tomb !

Now blessed are the home-sick,
For they shall come home !

The stranger land hath fond hearts,
That beat and that burn,—
Soft bosoms o'er their treasure
That doat and that yearn ;
But their longing, still defeated,
Must evermore crave,
And love is oft'nest seated
Beside a green grave.
And bootless is all bright store
Of glory and gold,
And the pilgrim feels a pining
That ne'er may be told :
Crying, Oh for my country,
Beyond the death-doom !—
Now blessed are the home-sick,
For they shall come home !

REMEMBER ME.

HE cometh with the Twelve at eve,
They sit down in the upper room,
While night and sorrow darkly weave
Round each sad guest their spells of gloom.

O Man of the sore-burdened breast !
No bitter plaint escapes from Thee ;
Only a gentle heart's behest—
Love's yearning sigh,—Remember Me !

The malefactor feebly hangs
Beside the dying Christ at noon,
And, 'mid his thick and thirsty pangs,
Those fainting lips implore a boon.

'Tis not reprieve from bitterest death,—
Not rescue from the accursèd tree ;—
Faith wafts upon that parting breath
The soft appeal,—Remember me !

A thought in common !—one fond thought !
Oh, sweet to trace !—oh, strange to tell !
One common boon with ardour sought—
Each in another's heart to dwell.

The sinner and his holy Lord,
Both urge the same pathetic plea ;
One prayer from each full heart is poured,
Remember Me !—remember me !

JESUS DRAWING NIGH.

IN the songless night—the daylight dreary,
When the dawn of heaven seems very far,
Jesus draweth nigh the lone and weary ;
Jesus to the soul is Sun and Star.

When the heart feels heavy and forsaken,
More than human brother He can be :
All our sin and sadness He hath taken ;
Friend of all the sorrowful is He.

When night winds and waves are loudly raving,
Jesus comes—a bright yet awful form,
Walking on the sea, His weak one saving ;
Jesus is the Stiller of the storm.

When dim death, the warmest hands unclasping,
Floats us to yon wide and unknown shore,
He will greet us there, the weak hand grasping ;—
He is Life and Love for evermore.

THE DOUBLE SEARCH.

THERE are two gone out on the starless wild,—
Gone out 'neath the desert night ;
Earth's sad and weary, and homeless child,
And heaven's fair Lord of Light.

And one is seeking, forlorn and blind,
Can give to his loss no name ;
But the other knows well what He stoops to find—
Knows well what He comes to claim.

Though the hills are dark, though the torrents roll,
By each must his path be trod ;
Both seek, for the Saviour has lost the soul,
And the soul has lost its God.

That piteous cry and that tender call,
Come each from a yearning heart ;
Through storm and stillness they rise and fall,
And they seem not far apart.

I can hear the sound of their nearing feet,
By a sure attraction drawn:
Those night-long seekers shall timely meet,
As the darkness dies in the dawn.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER.

SHE stood in the Pharisee's hall
 'Mong the righteous and holy,
The scorn and the scandal of all—
 She stood meek and lowly.

On that floor, washed so duly from stain,
 Her footstep fell faintly,
As though it were loth to profane
 Those precincts so saintly.

She came as the lowest and least
 Of all the unbidden ;
Yet she knew of one place at the feast
 She might claim all unhidden.

She glided, 'neath glances of scorn,
 To her sheltering station,
Near Him who delights to adorn
 The meek with salvation.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER. 69

Faint, faint was the blush on that cheek
Whence the bloom was long banished ;
Sad, sad were those glances and meek,
Whence the sparkle had vanished.

She paused where the Saviour reclined,
He stirred not—He spoke not.
He knew who was weeping behind,
But her heart's trance He broke not.

Yet to the mute voice of her tears
His love was replying ;
He was stanching the sorrows of years,
While His feet she was drying.

And while the rich perfume was spread
From the rent alabaster,
The love from her broken heart shed
Was regaling her Master.

Then was it the tear and the kiss,
And the odour-vase riven,
That earned a sweet saying like this,
'Thy sins are forgiven' ?

Nay, woman ! Thy heart's love outpoured
Spake the much He forgave thee :
It was faith in the love of thy Lord—
That alone—which could save thee.

'WHO ARE THESE?'

He said unto me, 'Who are these
In white array?'
And I re-echoed, 'Who are these,
And whence came they?'
Then made He answer, 'These are they
From earth who came
By many a miry, tangled way
Of sin and shame.
But they have washed their garments white,
As moonbeams fair, as sunshine bright,
Assailed before God's throne of light
From fault and blame.'

He said unto me, 'Who are these
That chant love's lay?'
And I re-echoed, 'Who are these,
And whence came they?'
Then made He answer, 'These are they
From forth time's woe,
But God hath wiped the tears away
They wept below.'

The strain they breathe is sweet indeed,
Yet each was once a bruised reed,
Till Christ its tones from discord freed
And tuned it so.'

He said unto me, 'Who are these
That shine like day?'
And I re-echoed, 'Who are these,
And whence came they?'
Then made He answer, 'These are they,
Once faint that shone,
With smouldering warmth and feeble ray—
Light well-nigh gone.
But Christ ne'er quenched the struggling gleam,
Love's dawn was dear in His esteem ;
Now shines each soul with spherèd beam
Before God's throne.'

He said unto me, 'Who are these
That bear bright sway?'
And I re-echoed, 'Who are these,
And whence came they?'
Then made He answer, 'These are they—
Christ's pilgrim throng—
Cross-bearers in a narrow way,
Through strife made strong.
Each hidden one, in secret sealed,
On earth unknown, in heaven revealed,
The homage of a crown doth yield
With harp and song.'

THE DYING SINNER AND THE DYING
SAVIOUR.

LUKE XXIII. 42, 43.

DYING sinner !—dying Saviour !

Ye were once stretched side by side
'Neath an awful noon of darkness,
Bound, condemned, and crucified.

Close were set the trees of anguish,
Doom weighed down each drooping head ;
Stricken, with the vile transgressor,
Hung the Lord of quick and dead.

Dying sinner ! blood was streaming
From thy nail-torn hands and feet ;
Yet it wrought thee no atonement,
Death was but thy sentence meet.

But those drops, O dying Saviour !
Freely flowing down Thy cross,

Shed from founts divine and sinless,
There redeemed a world from loss.

Dying sinner!—dying Saviour!
Ye were changing cups of bliss,
Making heavens for each other
On the verge of death's abyss.

Dying Saviour! ah, what music
Seemed those trembling tones to Thee :
'When Thou comest in Thy kingdom,
O my Lord, remember me!'

Dying sinner! ah, what mercy
Met thee in the Saviour's eyes :
'Verily thou shalt be with me,
E'en to-day, in Paradise.'

Yes, from Calvary's strife, Redeemer!
Thou wast not to soar alone ;
Through the gateway of Thy Passion
Thou must bear a rescued one.

In that day-break of Redemption,
One must pass at Thy dear side
Through the Father's inmost mansions,
Type of all the purified.—

Then the key-note of the Kingdom,
Breathed from all the lyres above ;—
Grace unto the chief of sinners !
Glory to the Lord of Love !

Long those crosses now have mouldered,
But the love and faith remain ;
Lord, Thine eyes still melt with mercy,
And a trembler pleads again :

‘ When Thou comest in Thy Kingdom,
O my Lord, remember me ;
Let me all love’s long to-morrow
Be in Paradise with Thee.’

I MOURN BECAUSE OF HIM.

'Tis not the sorrow of the world
That makes mine eye so dim ;
'Tis not the flowers of pleasure furl'd,
Love's blossoms on the tempest whirled,
No darts of fear around me hurled ;—
I mourn because of Him.

O'er love's clear heaven, beheld by faith,
No lingering shadows swim ;
My heart, reflects its calm beneath,
Unvexed by judgment's ruffling breath ;
Yet my heart softly sorroweth ;—
I mourn because of Him.

The fount for sin is opened wide,
I lean against its brim ;
But when I view the piercèd side
Whence flowed for me the cleansing tide,
And think upon the Crucified,
I mourn because of Him.

His name the tearless angels bless,
And glad-eyed seraphim;
But while I thus the sins confess
That made His load the heavier press,
I weep and am in bitterness ;—
I mourn because of Him.

Still, on the cloud the rainbow glows ;
I hail its braided rim ;
The tear is brightened as it flows,
Joy with contrition twin-like grows,
And fairest light is sown for those
Who mourn because of Him.

THE HOPE OF GLORY.

A BLOSSOM on my breast is lying,
 Fragrant and fair ;
Fragrant, fair, and never-dying,
 Love laid it there.
Such it seems—the hope of glory—
All the night of my Lord's tarrying ;
All the time of tears and sighing,
 Its sweetness scents the air.
My bosom's throbs alone shall stir
This cluster of balm-breathing myrrh.

A lamp beside my couch is gleaming
 Soft, soft, and dim ;
Soft and dim its light is streaming,
 Kindled by Him.
Such it seems—the hope of glory—
All the midnight of His tarrying ;
'Twixt the dreams my soul is dreaming,
 I rise this lamp to trim.
All the solemn, silent night,
Precious is my lonely light.

A song, a holy song, breathes round me,
Thrilling and sweet ;
To its tune, whose spell hath bound me,
My heart doth beat.
Such it seems—the hope of glory—
Through the moonlight of His tarrying ;
In charmed rest its voice hath wound me—
Wound me from head to feet.
All the night so lone and long,
With me is this murmured song.

A star within my heart is rising,
Slow, silver-bright,
'Mid its sleep my soul surprising,
Piercing its night.
Such it seems—this hope of glory—
Till the dawn shall end His tarrying,
All the clouds with fire baptizing
With floods of orient light ;
Till melts before His morning smile
The darkness of the little while.

THE PLEADING OF THE JUDGE.

EZEK. XXII. 14.

AND can thine heart endure,
Or can thine hands be strong,
When nature's lights and hopes expire
The shades of death among?
'Twill sink—thy last self-kindled spark—
In gloom that knows no morrow;
Thou shalt bemoan thee in the dark,
Thou shalt lie down in sorrow.

And can thine heart endure,
Or can thine hands be strong,
When Christ sits on the snow-white cloud,
And the trump peals clear and long?
O heart, that scorned His gentle sway,
What pangs shalt thou be bearing!
O hands, that waved His touch away,
How ye shall hang despairing!

And can thine heart endure,
Or can thine hands be strong,
When all the loved shall pass thee by,
As to the feast they throng?
Once thou didst grudge their joys to see,—
Wast weary of their whiteness,—
But oh, their eyes shall yearn on thee
With pity in their brightness!

And can thine heart endure,
Or can thine hands be strong,
When from the halls to thee debarred
Warm radiance streams along?
Oh, bitter will that midnight lower,
When thou, with spirit quailing,
Dost in the outer darkness cower,
And lift thy lonely wailing!

And can thine heart endure,
Or can thine hands be strong,
When, floated through the closing door,
Swells the high tide of song?
That hallelujah to the King,
Like thunderous waters sweeping,
Which evermore shall rise and ring,
Despite one world of weeping.

Oh, can thine heart endure,
Oh, can thine hands be strong,

When, desolate, thy spirit mourns ✓
Its self-inflicted wrong ?
When it laments what might have been,
And sighs ' too late,' and ' never,'
Pierced through by truth, that earlier seen,
Had saved and blessed for ever.

Thine heart can ne'er endure,
Thine hands can ne'er be strong,
That day when God shall deal with thee, /
Though now He suffereth long.
Oh, scorn no more the Heart that bled,—
That thirsteth to receive thee !
Spurn not the piercèd hands outspread,
Else Love, to Death must leave thee.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head !
Our load was laid on Thee ;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me :
A victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,—
'Tis empty now for me !
That bitter cup—Love drank it up ;
Now blessing's draught for me.

The Father lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed ;
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard,—
O Christ, it broke on Thee !
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred—Thy visage marred ;
Now cloudless peace for me.

A flame was kindled in God's ire,—
O Christ, it burned on Thee !
It was a hot consuming fire,
Ev'n in the fair green tree ;
There did that fire feed and expire ;
Now it is quenched for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake,— ✓
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee !
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake ;
Thy heart its sheath must be,—
All for my sake, my peace to make ;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

The Holy One did hide His face—
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee !
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space,—
The darkness due to me.
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee ;
Thou'rt risen ; my bands are all untied ;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me !

TWICE TRAVERSED.

THOU art sad as thou gazest behind thee
On life's barren, failure-strewn track ;
Those wavering footprints remind thee
Of a past thou canst never bring back.

Thy past !—thou hast longed to retrace it,
With passionate tears of regret ;
Thy past !—thou hast longed to efface it,—
To blot what thou couldst not forget.

'It is vain,' thou hast said in thy sorrow,—
'Not twice may the pathway be trod ;
God may grant us His golden to-morrow,
But our past?—alas, not even God !'

Thy past !—there is One hath retraced it—
Hath made its waste places to bud ;
Thy footprint !—His own hath effaced it ;
Each thorn cost a drop of His blood.

Look back ! all thy life is in blossom—
A harvest of wonder hath grown ;
Thou shalt gather full sheaves for thy bosom
From seed that another hath sown.

Thy childhood smiles out in the beauty
Of trust, of obedience and truth ;
And humble, heroical duty
Make noble the years of thy youth.

All the way thou hast lost they restore thee,
Those steps of the Pilgrim Divine,—
And illumine the pathway before thee ;
His past and His future are thine.

DISCIPLESHIP.

THE Crucified is Victor now,
In world-wide songs adored ;
And myriads press to crown His brow :
Thou, too, wouldst hail Him Lord.

But hast thou owned Him in His shame,—
Wept with Him in His woe ?
They only by the Cross who came
May to the crowning go.

Say, hast thou kissed the faded rim
Of Christ's red robe of scorn ?—
Dropped tears upon that chaplet dim,
The wreath of twisted thorn ?

Say, didst thou taste His bitter cup,
And in His baptism share ?
And when He to His Cross went up,
Wast thou, too, fastened there ?

Didst thou die with Him in the night—
The dark, dread night that yawned?
Didst thou rise with Him to the light—
The clear, sweet light that dawned?

Alas for fair Discipleship,
Nor Cross nor Cup that takes!
'Lord, Lord,' shall freeze on many a lip
When judgment's glory breaks.

When Christ puts forth a kingly hand
To crown the veteran few,
Where shall those foremost followers stand,
Whose names He never knew?

MORE THAN A CONQUEROR.

MORE than a Conqueror!—oh, shall it ever be !
Weak dust and ashes, shalt thou overcome ?
Child of a fallen and fading humanity,
Shalt thou in triumph be borne to thy home ?

More than a Conqueror!—vision of victory !
Promise of wonder and heavenly cheer !
One who is mighty hath warred and hath won for thee ;
Conquest is over and crowning is near.

More than a Conqueror!—tell it yon hostile world,
‘ This is the victory, even our faith.’
More than a Conqueror!—tell thine own fainting heart,
Bid it believe what the Comforter saith.

More than a Conqueror!—shout ! ’tis the battle-cry ;
E’en though thou fallest, again thou shalt rise.
Shout ! for the sound may embolden some fallen one,
Low in the dust of defeat that now lies.

More than a Conqueror!—yes, though thou see it not;
 Jesus already is thronèd and crowned.
Soon thou shalt reign with Him, all things put under
 thee,
 Satan by thee shall be bruised and bound.

Hark! 'tis their voice who have gained the glad victory,
 Theirs by the blood of the Lamb that o'ercame ;
Singing their song to the harps of eternity,—
 Praising the crucified Conqueror's name !

Glory for ever to Him who hath lovèd us,
 Washed us from sin by His own precious blood ;
Made us victorious—sealed us invincible—
 Crowned us as kings and as priests to our God !

LOVE'S TWO WELCOMES.

THE fishers, disheartened and weary,
With fruitless toiling o'erworn,
Sat out on the waters dreary,
In the cold, dark twilight of morn.

Soon one face was suddenly lightened,—
One caught, through the dawning dim,
A glimpse of the form that brightened
All heaven and earth for him.

Lest a joy unshared should divide him,
By one unspoken word,
From the friend that sat close beside him,
He whispered, 'It is the Lord!'

Then out strikes one, eager-hearted,
Where flickering dawn-lights float,
And quickly the waves are parted :—
The other still sits in the boat.

Hot heart, the rough surges breasting,
Didst thou love in more fervid wise
Than that worshipper, silent resting,
With rapture's calm in his eyes?

VISIONS OF GOD.

HE carried me to Chebar's lonely flood ;
There oped my inward eye ;
And while beside its sweeping course I stood,
Visions of God passed by.

A whirlwind came from out the kindling North,
And flaming clouds of gold ;
And from their midst the ' living ones ' came forth—
A glory manifold.

I heard the rushing of the amber wheels,
So swift—so high—so dread ;—
I saw the scroll, with its mysterious seals,
Whence destinies are read.

I heard the thunders of the cherub wings
That sweep like wind and flame ;
I heard the song the seraph army sings,
Hymning Jehovah's name.

One to another cried with answering word,
And rapturous calm face,
'Thrice blessed be the glory of the Lord,
Appearing from His place.'

'Twas like the sound of billows on the beach,
When the full floods rejoice ;—
A sound as of articulate high speech,—
Like the Almighty's voice.

I saw and heard, and trembling on me fell,
And fainting nigh to death,
And sore abasings that no soul may tell,
Till in me was no breath.

Then was I 'ware of One, who stretched a hand,—
A man's warm hand to me ;
That touched and raised me up and bade me stand,
And set my spirit free.

O Christ ! O Brother ! 'mid my deep amaze,
Thou spakest, 'Do not fear ;'
And still the whirlwind sweeps, the glories blaze ;
But I am strong to bear.

PASSING ONWARD.

It is a sighing land,
This fallen, withered earth o'er which I tread ;
Morn far behind, dark sunset gloom at hand,
And tempests overhead.

It is a silent land,
The hushed and rayless grave to which I go ;
No echoing footfall breaks, on that lone strand,
A stillness as of snow.

It is a singing land,
That sunlit heaven that lies outstretched before ;
A singing life led by the gladsome band
That crowds that voiceful shore.

I pass from land to land,
As each tired pilgrim in his time hath passed,
Till 'mid the host of brother saints I stand,
And angel friends—at last !

Oh, let me learn aright

To brave rude weather on the road to spring,

To thread my way through darkness out to light,—

To sigh before I sing.

U N S A T I S F I E D.

‘The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.’

I CANNOT breathe enough of thee,
Thou rich red rose of June !
Thy fragrance on the breeze floats free,
Thy heart-breath rare doth ravish me,
Yet it sighs past too soon.

I cannot drink enough of thee,
Mirth-music of the morn !
Song of the stream, the breeze, the tree,
Ye sweep my soul with ecstasy,
Then swift away are borne.

I cannot gaze enough on thee,
Bright landscape fair and wide !
Mine eye feeds broad o’er hill and lea,
Each varied light and tint I see,
Yet am not satisfied.

Nor is't alone o'er fragrant rose,
Sweet song, or summer scene,
This yearning in my bosom grows,—
This wistful want my spirit knows,—
This craving deep and keen.

It is the echo of a sigh
For fairer things than they;
The straining of the inward eye
For beauty of eternity,—
Light of the perfect day ;—

The thirst that will not be beguiled,
For present heavenly bliss ;—
For glory fair and undefiled,
God's gift to His immortal child ;—
Joys of that world in this.

THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE.

I CAME by the Gate of the Beautiful
Up to the Temple of God ;
I kissed the fair footprints out-blossoming
Where the Creator had trod.

I hailed His bright touch on the firmament,
Eve with its amethyst bars,
Dawn with its crystalline vestibule,
Night with its ceiling of stars ;

But a whisper stole out of Eternity,
Telling of discord and blight ;
Creation no more glowed transparently,
Nature seemed tarnished with night.

There swept a drear wail from the wilderness,
Sorrow sank down on the sea ;
A dimness of anguish hung heavily
O'er my earth-Eden and me.

And heaven, with its blue starry labyrinth,
 Seemed but a glittering waste
 Yawned round by abysses of emptiness—
 Terrors of darkness untraced.

I felt I was still in the outer-court ;
 Vast rose the Temple and wide ;
 Its threshold shone fair and inviolate—
 I still stood trembling outside.

And then rose a longing for innermost
 Beauty of goodness and truth ;
 For purity, God-like and Spirit-born,
 Deathless in dew of its youth.

I glanced at the garment that covered me,
 Soil was on every fold ;
 I turned to my heart's hidden secrecy—
 Ah, it was dark to behold !

'Then flowed from the altar of sacrifice,
 Life's reddest, costliest stream ;
 Then fell from God's terrible sanctuary
 Fire of the holiest gleam.

A soft sprinkled dew was shed over me,
 Fragrance was wafted within ;
 I felt my whole being was sanctified—
 Purged from the taint of its sin.

'Twas thus that I entered the Holiest—
Passed to the innermost shrine ;
I bore the shed blood to the Mercy-Seat,—
Blood of the Victim Divine.

WARBLINGS AT DAWN.

IN a long night, when sleep has left mine eyes,
And soothing dreams are fled,
A weary watcher, toward the shrouded skies
I turn my restless head.

For the dear day my longing sight I strain
Where thick the shadows fall,
To trace the outline of the glimmering pane—
The picture on the wall.

At last !—yet is it but the moon released
From trammels of a cloud ?
Or are there tokens in the blanching East
Of day, the dazzling-browed ?

Hark, hark, that chorus ! hark, those liquid notes,
Grey though the dawn-dusk be ;
True to the first faint gleam, those pulsing throats
Sing clear to God and me.

In that long night—that darkest, dreariest watch,
Whose dawn is from afar,
When the strained soul is leaning forth to catch
Sight of its Morning Star :—

When heart and reins with love and longing break,
And eyes with looking fail,
Shall not some nest of singing hopes awake,
Heaven's stealing dawn to hail ?

Yes, they shall flutter warm with quivering wing,
As sun-streaks upward creep ;
Full-toned and joyous shall their matins ring,
Stirred from dull roosts of sleep.

That sweet, last carol from the eaves of time,
Greeting eternal morn,
How softly through the soul its notes shall chime,
As glory's light is born !

THE CALL OF CHRIST.

COME unto me, poor lost one, come,
Roaming from mount to hill,
Forlorn and faint and far from home ;
List, I am calling still.
In the long midnight watch I stand
'Neath darkness dim and wide,
That groping souls may grasp my hand,
Or shelter at my side.
My steps are on the hills of night,
My voice is on the wind,
I could not rest in halls of light,
My lost one left behind.

Come to my feet—my bleeding feet,
Thy touch they will not spurn ;
They trod a thorny path to meet
And woo thee to return.
Here Mary sat with melting eyes
And silent lips apart,

Nor stirred, by homelier ministries,
The stillness of her heart.
Oh, here is rest serene and sure,
Refreshing, deep and dear !
Let not my voice in vain allure,—
O lost one, lend thine ear !

Come to my breast—my peaceful breast,
Thy weariness is deep ;
But deeper far shall be thy rest—
Mine own belovèd's sleep.
Here leaned the loved disciple's head,
Here his calm soul was poured ;
And here, with love's clear eye, he read
The secret of his Lord.
Here, too, I fain would gather thee,
It were a blissful lot :
Or, must my plaint of sorrow be,
I would, but ye would not !

Come to my heart—my yearning heart,
That brake for love and woe,
And freely claim the tenderest part
That brother can bestow.
Here, with her shame, the scorned one fled,
While love cast out her fears ;
Dearer than all the balm she shed,
Her own pure, kindly tears.
In songful joy, in silent love,
I fain would rest o'er thee :

Or, must I mourn thy doom above,
Ye would not come to me !

Come to my Cross—my healing Cross,
Come in thy guilt and need,
Embrace it, sharp with pain and loss,—
This were to come indeed !
Stand by yon sorrowing women's side,
Draw near my Cross and grave,
For, as I live—yea, as I died,
My soul delights to save.
Or, must I leave thee all astray
On the sad hills of night,
And seek my rest so far away,
Within the halls of light ?

Is there no echo in thine ear—
No aching at thy heart ?
Not even a faint, foreboding fear
To tell thee I depart ?
O lost, but loved, the moment flies :
The pleading call shall cease ;
Soon shall be hidden from thine eyes
The counsels of thy peace !
But tender thoughts shall o'er thee brood,
As doom's dark shadow nears ;
If thou wilt still reject my blood,
Thou yet shalt have my tears.

THE UNANSWERED CALL.

Who calleth me? the night is dark,
The moon is walking in her shroud ;
My lamp wanes to a sickly spark ;
Methought one spoke my name aloud !

Who calleth me in watch so late—
All in the drowsy dreamful time?
I closed long since the massive gate,—
Long since, I heard the midnight chime.

Who calleth me? the air is chill,
The dew lies heavy on the ground,
And all the night is deathly still,
But for that strange—that haunting sound.

Must I arise?—my light would fail ;
My feet, unsandalled, dread the damp ;
'Twas but a gust, a wandering wail :
Its breath but now hath quenched my lamp.

So !—let me sleep—securely sleep,
Folding my hands to easy rest,
Till soothing dreams and slumbers deep
Chase ghostly tremors from my breast.

Yea, sluggard, sleep ! The midnight call
Was loud enough to catch thine ear.
Now turn thy face unto the wall,
No more to feel one wakening fear.

The shadow deepening over thee,
Thy whole eternity shall span ;
No morn shall make this shadow flee—
This shadow of the Son of Man.

THE CHURCH'S SINGING TIMES.

LIKE lark she sang in the sweet morn of love
To the fair sun with healing in His beams ;
A quivering carol in the blue above,
Far o'er the thick and slumb'rous night of dreams.

She thought not of chill blast or sudden sleet,
She sang without a tremor or a fear ;
The joy of singing was so piercing sweet,
Love's early air so dewy and so clear.

And she has sung like the sad nightingale,
When sorrow's heavy dusk did round her close,
A thrilling plaint—a passionate soft wail—
A lay of sighs, to Sharon's unseen Rose.

And still she sings beneath her varying skies,
On every wind, through changing nights and days—
Pæans and psalms and sad-voiced litanies—
Till all resolve in the clear chant of praise.

CHRIST THE HEALER.

THROUGH this wan world, where sin and death are
stalking

On to dry places lower than the grave,
Oh, it is well there is a Healer walking
In majesty of mercy—strong to save !

Shrined in His purity, He meets pollution,
As sunlight streams unsullied o'er decay ;
He cleanses lepers by divine ablution,
And shrinks not from the outcast's touch away.

He doth not silence the shrill voice of anguish
That crieth after Him in open street ;
Nor pass unheeding by the couch where languish
The palsied forms that fain had sought His feet.

With crowds in temple, feast, and mart, He mingles ;
Yet ofttimes, as at noon by the lone well,

One conscious, throbbing heart His love out-singles,
To bare its wound, and of the cure to tell.

He doth not hide Himself; whoe'er would borrow
Virtue, may draw it from His willing heart.
He took our sickness—carried all our sorrow—
And bore our sin with its avenging smart.

A touch, a sigh, a look that yearns toward heaven,
A word of peace, a gently thrilling call,
Tender anointings to the sightless given—
These heal His suppliants—and He heals them all.

Oh that there were a pressing and a thronging
Into the presence of the Saviour-God !
Oh that earth's sorest need and sickest longing
Might find its one true balm — His precious
blood !—

The balm that was distilled for all the ages
'Neath three hours' darkness, on the bitter tree ;
The balm that every burning pang assuages
Of fevered hearts to its relief that flee.

O sick in head and heart ! say not, despairing,
'There is no hope—my wounds are deep and wide;'
Yea, so were those of thy Deliverer, bearing
Thy stroke for thee, in hands, and feet, and side.

Say not, 'We die—we perish—we all perish—
We are consumed with dying !' for the Lord,
The Life, is come to quicken and to cherish
This world of death with His life-breathing word.

Oh, there is balm in Gilead ! there is healing !
Jesus of Nazareth is passing by !
Thy woes to His compassions are appealing !
The Son of David pauses at thy cry.

His pure, deep eye is bent on thee in kindness ;
His holy hand outstretched to ease thine ill :
Draw nigh, though with the faltering step of blindness :
Cry, 'If thou wilt'—and hear Him say, 'I will.'

Wouldst thou be healed of innermost diseases ?—
Then touch His garment's hem, thou timorous soul !
One trusting touch will thrill the heart of Jesus,
And He shall feel that He has made thee whole.

All-pitying Christ ! Thy heart with love is glowing,
Drawn sympathetic, to the souls that bleed ;
Thy mercy towards our misery is flowing ;
No charm for Thee, Lord, like the sinner's need.

Once in a city, when the sun was setting,
At Thy blest feet they laid the sick all down ;

And ere it sank, all pain and woe forgetting,
A murmur of great joy rose through that town.

And one day shall the world with mirth be ringing,
When from Thy glance its maladies are flown ;
Its song of joy and health exultant singing,
When Thou hast healed its hurt, and stilled its moan.

O Healer ! hasten that sure day of gladness,—
The whole earth's hallelujah unto Thee ;
Hear faith's deep sighing 'neath these clouds of sadness,
' When will the dawn break, and the shadows flee? '

GOLDEN SILENCES.

ZEPH. III. 17 ; PS. LXV. 1 (*marginal readings*).

HE will be silent in His love—
A pause more full than speech !
The joy that all His heart doth move,
That broodeth o'er His nestling dove
While pluming for her flight above,
No uttered word might reach.

I shall be silent in my praise—
A hush more sweet than song !
Sin mars the note that faith essays
To warble in these sunless days ;
And wonder must suspend the praise
That sight will prompt ere long.

MY KING.

I LOITERED once, without control,
In green and smiling ways :
There lay no sorrow on my soul,
No darkness on my days.
Fair fell the light of sun and star,
And sweet shone human eyes ;
But from that holier heaven afar,
No radiance pierced my skies.
I saw no guardian at my side,
I heard no angel sing :
Without a goal—without a guide—
My kingdom owned no King.

Still through fair dream-walks led my way,
Till One my pathway crossed ;
Ah ! then I knew myself astray,
And cried in anguish, ' Lost !'
I read it in that glance of might,
And in this heart of fear ;
And all my gardens of delight
Grew desolate and sere.

Beneath that all-revealing gaze,
So mild—so mastering—
My soul confessed in sore amaze
A dread, an unknown King.

Long time, methought, I laboured on
Over an up-hill road,
Across a dreary land unsown,
Beneath a heavy load.
I crept with weary, lagging pace,
With burdened step and slow ;
I could not see the heavens' face,
My head was bowed so low.
' Flee for thy life !—doom waits thee here,'
Seemed in mine ears to ring ;
I felt an alien everywhere—
A rebel to this King.

Thus fared I on till One drew nigh,
His garments dyed with blood ;
Upon His brow, and in His eye,
The sorrow of a God.
He pointed with His wounded hand
Unto His pierced side ;
He beckoned with benign command :
I knew the Crucified.
' Hail,' spake those lips, ' a boon of grace
From God's rich heart I bring ;—

Smiles from a pardoning Father's face—
The kisses of a King.'

Ah, now I sped through smiling ways,
Bound for a shining goal !
There rose a glory o'er my days—
A gladness o'er my soul.
Fair fell the beam of sun and star,
And sweet shone human eyes ;
Light from that holier heaven afar
Touched joys to sanctities.
I saw a guardian at my side,
I heard an angel sing ;
I followed a celestial guide,
I loved an unseen King.

I deemed that soon those sheltering ways
Would wind in sight of home,
And I should hail the golden blaze
Of portal, spire, and dome ;
When suddenly, a hostile band
Upstarting closed me round,
I sank 'neath a resistless hand,
Defeated, bruised, and bound .
A bleeding captive, near to die,
Defenceless—perishing—
I triumphed in despair's last cry,—
' Strike Thou for me, my King !'

O Fairer than the sons of men,
How terrible wast Thou !
Thy majesty blazed round Thee then,
Thy crown was on Thy brow.
'I died,' Thou saidst, 'to save the lost,
I live to rule the saved ;
Thou conquerest, at thy Prince's cost,
The foes He first hath braved.'
'O crownèd Christ!' my glad heart cried,
'To Thee I cleave—I cling !
Lord of my love, whate'er betide—
My true, my rightful King !'

Thus hast Thou met me, regal Lord !—
Met me in need's worst hour ;
Thus have I found Thee and adored,
As Light—as Love—as Power.
I hail Thee with Thy threefold grace,
So wondrously made known
At each mysterious meeting-place,—
Thy Lamp—Thy Cross—Thy Crown.
Still be that Lamp my only light,
That Cross my glorying :
That Crown still rule in love and right,
O Jesus !—O my King !

**'THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN
WHITE.'**

OH, we shall walk in holy white,
The foremost 'mid the throng ;
And we shall strike the lyre of light,
And sing the Lamb's sweet song.

And we shall walk o'er fairer fields
Than time's pale summers spread,
While brighter flowers than Sharon yields
Spring fragrant 'neath our tread.

And we shall walk beside the streams
In crystal calm that flow ;
And joys, that now but dawn in dreams,
We then shall waking know.

And we shall walk 'neath glory's light,
More radiant than the noon,—
More tender than a starry night,
And milder than the moon.

And we shall walk where soil or stain
May never more defile ;
Where holy hearts, entwined again,
Are free from guilt and guile.

For we shall walk with Jesus then,
Familiar, side by side,
That Fairest 'mong the sons of men :
And He shall be our Guide.



TALITHA CUMI.

‘ Why make ye such ado and weep?
She is not dead, but sleepeth.’
A gentle spell her heart doth keep,
From the rude tempest hidden deep
That our bleak path o’ersweepeth.
Soft are her slumbers.

Our sorrow hath been too forlorn,
Too wildly we’ve bewailed her,
Or angels to our ears had borne
Those songs with which they hailed her
In jubilant numbers.

Now round her be as deep a calm
As holy thought can make it,
So that the chanting of a psalm—
So that the rustling of a palm—
In heaven, alone may break it ;—
Glad calm, not gloomy.

Thus let repose the sleeping maid
While we are watching, praying ;
Upon a peaceful pillow laid,
Her bright awaking but delayed
Till her Lord call her, saying,
‘Talitha Cumi.’

'THE LORD IS MY PORTION.'

TREASURES of Time, ye are brief in your sweetness,
A perishing portion—a dying delight !
Treasures of time, ye are fair in your fleetness ;
Ah, why is a vanishing beauty so bright ?

Oh for a world where the grass doth not wither,
The blight doth not come, and the flower doth not
fade ;
Oh for the wings of a dove to flee thither !
Guide, Lord, to the home that Thy mercy hath made.

Open mine eyes to a beauty that pales not—
The beauty of holiness reigning above ;
Open mine eyes to a glory that fails not—
Thy word's beaming wonders—Thy law and Thy
love.

Shine on me, Lord, in the pilgrim's bleak country !
Thy smile is a sunbeam that will not depart ;
Shine on me, Lord, in this region all wintry,
With light from Thy presence and love from Thy
heart !

Christ on the Cross ! so divine in Thy dying,—
 In pouring Thy life-blood and yielding Thy breath ;
Crucified Christ ! at Thy feet I am lying,
 Give 'rest by Thy sorrow and life by Thy death !'

Here let me hide ! To the Rock that was riven
 The dove of the valley for refuge would come.
Here let me hide till I wing me to heaven,
 To heaven and gladness—to glory and home !

ANSWERING LIGHTS.

THE stars are glistening out—a still surprise ;
They beckon with their tranquil pearly ray
From the pure silence of the twilight skies,
Inviting weary hearts to rest and pray.

As if in answer to their silver call,
Earth's evening lamps are lit—hearts rise on high ;
The greetings pass 'tween sky and earth, and all
Full of mute meaning—summons and reply.

'Tis so, methinks, that God is drawing souls,
And souls are breathing towards the holy sphere;
While dusks of time surround, and vapours roll,
The lights are blending;—love both there and here.

For each star-thought of everlasting love
That glows in God's own heart with deathless fire,
A trembling beam, fed constant from above,
Doth through the darkness up to God aspire.

'LIFTED UP.'

'LIFTED up'—yes, O Thou Highest !
On a throne of glorious height ;
E'en the angel standing nighest
Dare not look upon its light.

'Lifted up'—ah, yes, Thou Lowliest !
Raised for every eye to scan !
Heaviest laden, though the Holiest :—
Sinless, suffering Son of Man !

'Lifted up'—yes, there to languish,
O'er Thy head the righteous rod ;
In Thy heart divinest anguish ;
Dying Man, and living God.

'Lifted up'—yes, far uplifted,
By the Father's high command ;
With the power and glory gifted,
At the Father's own right hand.

'Lifted up'—yes, Thine the praises
Of Thy constant Church below ;
Thine the unchanging psalm she raises,
While the ages come and go.

'Lifted up' to draw for ever
Sinners to Thy Cross and throne,
By a bond that none may sever,—
Love and Lordship all Thine own !

‘GALILEAN, THOU HAST CONQUERED!’

**GALILEAN, Thou hast conquered !
Thou hast waged Thy warfare well ;
At Thy glance the Son of Morning
Lightning-like from heaven fell,—
Sank amid his pride and scorning
To the deepest, darkest hell.**

**Galilean, Thou hast conquered !
Thou hast triumphed over sin ;
Wrath's red cup by Thee was emptied,
Holy life by Thee brought in.
E'en the weakest of the tempted
May through Thee the victory win.**

**Galilean, Thou hast conquered !
Thou art Victor o'er the grave :
Thine the keys of death and Hades ;
All their terrors Thou didst brave.
Where the dimmest, drearest shade is,
Thou canst succour—Thou canst save.**

Galilean, Thou hast conquered !—
Conquered hosts of rebel souls ;
And Thy love hath captive bound them ;
And Thy majesty controls :
And they move, Thy chains around them,
Wheresoe'er Thy chariot rolls.

Go forth conquering and to conquer,
God incarnate—Man divine !
On the victim's cross victorious,
Now the priestly throne is Thine,
And the crown for ever glorious :
We, too, conquer by Thy sign.

INCARNATION AND ATONEMENT.

I.

WREATHE not alone the saint-like lily,
Outspread to teach us how it grows ;
But twine it with the crimson-hearted,
The deep-dyed, passion-purple rose.

Wear not the gem of gleaming jasper
With its clear crystal ray alone ;
But set it with the ruddy glowing
Of the bright, flame-like sardine stone.

Sing not of pure white raiment only—
The ideal walk in peace and light ;
But sing of glorious red apparel—
Of warrior garments stained in fight.

Point not alone to mystic water,
That pours a purifying flood ;

Point to the precious drops of ransom—
Blood from the Cross—redeeming blood !

Dwell not alone 'mid Tabor's glory,
Sunning the sombre midnight sky ;
Dwell o'er the black forsaken noontide—
The wail from out the Agony.

Tell not of Incarnation only—
Our Brother drawing human breath,—
Of blood as life within its fountain ;—
But tell of blood poured out to death.

Atonement ! Yes, divine atonement !
Love that not only lived, but died !
Love that not only healed, but suffered !—
Cross-bearing love—Christ crucified !

II.

Oh, who is he, God's work reversing,
Would change to water heaven's best wine ?
Yea, who is he would dare dis sever
The perfect life, and death divine ?—

That would discrown the King of Sorrow,
Bound on the Cross would bid Him thence ;
Deeming the Faith's most central glory
Its weakness and its worst offence ?

132 *INCARNATION AND ATONEMENT.*

Angel of Light ! In heaven-like radiance
Thy form appeareth fair, to see ;
With unmarred brows of dazzling beauty,
More bright than His who died for me :

But my heart asks, 'Where are the nail-prints?'
And, asking, meets a chill of scorn ;
Then cries it, 'Get behind me, Satan !'
And Christ approaches, crowned with thorn.

THE DEPARTED.

WHERE are the loved—the loved of youth,—
The friends of brighter years,
Who gave us all their trust and truth,
And all their smiles and tears ?
Together joy's sweet flowers we wreathed
Amid life's early dew ;
While heart to heart its fragrance breathed,
And all our heaven was blue. '

They drooped, they withered from our ways,
They passed from hearth and door,
Dropped from the garland of our days—
And they returned no more.
Their names are like a spilt perfume,
A dream of music fled ;
Like lingering gleams on summer gloom :
They died—yet seem not dead.

They meet us in those twilight fields
Where yearning fancy roves ;

They own the spell sad memory weaves,
And haunt her whispering groves.
Like clouds yon moon in brightness dips,
They move in stainless guise ;
And lovely are their closed lips,
And earnest are their eyes.

They sigh not—smile not; sweet and slow
Like star-rise grows their grace ;
The print of peace is on their brow,
Love's light upon their face.
There is no language to their love,
No tone, no touch, no kiss ;
They bring sweet silence from above—
Breathe their blest world o'er this.

Alas, fond dreams ! not now they are
What fading memory paints,
And fancy's glimpse is faint and far
Of blissful, sealed saints.
Theirs is the day that cannot die—
The Lamb's unsetting light,
The vision of the heavenly,—
The soul-transfiguring sight.

Theirs is the tearless triumphing,
The seraphs' flame and glow ;

Theirs is the song none else may sing,
The name none else may know.
Yet, longing heart, poor heart forlorn !
Beat on still, warm and true ;
And, at the meeting in the morn,
Thou shalt be changèd too.

THE GARDEN.

WRITTEN FOR ——— AND ———

WE are not wronged when to love's well-watched garden
Our Lord comes down and culls our fairest flowers—
Some new-spread lily, stately, pure, and fragrant,
More meet, in sooth, for His delights than ours.

His is no wanton hand that plucks unsparing,
Then casts the sweet but fading wreath aside ;
His gathered lilies in His bosom bearing,
They bloom for Him, and in their bloom abide.

There was a fair bud and a fairer blossom,
Once in the garden of our love they grew ;
Our Lord came down and raised them to His bosom,
So gently that it shook not off the dew.

Now we've two bright expanding flowers in heaven,
Blooming in glory—sweet immortal flowers !
With struggling heart unto the Giver given :
His were they ever—and they still are ours.

DAY BY DAY.

THE haunting memory of an olden song
That once was sweet,
When into silence hath subsided long
Each breath and beat,

Can make no present music in my heart
This dumb, drear day ;
It cannot charm with subtle, soothing art,
This gloom away.

The sunshine of an azure day of yore
Once warm and bright,
That flamed and faded on the western shore,
Then sank in night,

Can bring no summer glory back to-day
To these sad eyes ;—
Can chase no heavy-hanging clouds away
From these dull skies.

Not e'en the song my God Himself hath given
In some past night,—
No former shinings of His face from heaven—
Love's lost delight !—

May soothe or cheer from out the distance dim—
The silence dead ;
Music and light must freshly breathe from Him—
Be freshly shed.

Sound through my soul with Thine eternal voice,
Divinest One !
While I in Thine unsetting smile rejoice,
My Song !—my Sun !

**'HE THAT FOLLOWETH ME SHALL NOT
WALK IN DARKNESS.'**

JOHN VIII. 12.

SAD soul, astray in mists of error,
Lost on a path of gloom and terror
Thou fearest to pursue ;
That canst not hear the voice from heaven—
Canst see no star of promise given—
Canst grasp no guiding clue :—

See ! here is something lying nearer,
For Thy dim vision shining clearer,
Something the heart may scan.
See on this path of cloud and peril,
That seems to frown so blank and sterile,
The footsteps of a Man.

A very brother, born of woman,
Purely, pathetically human,
In garb of work-day toil.

A devious track these steps seem threading,
Yet straight as light their pathway treading,—
That garb is free from soil.

'Mid partial lights that weakly sparkle,
'Mid unlit depths that vaguely darkle,
'Mid gulfs that ghastly yawn,
Look ! there is radiance round Him growing,
Mild light that gleams about His going,
Like a soft-stealing dawn.

See the pure effluence broader streaming—
The gracious brightness kindlier beaming,
As darker lowers the storm ;
Mark, while its might is round thee surging,
And thou thy path art feebly urging,
How God-like grows His form !

Though straining thought no way discover
To bridge each startling chasm over,
Yet follow ;—He shall lead.
Who do the will of God the Father,
True light for them shall surely gather
With each meek, child-like deed.

One day on thee divinely turning
A face of tenderness and yearning
Beyond all wistful dreams,
He shall unveil His love before thee,
Shedding that richest sunlight o'er thee
Which out of darkness streams.

THE FOUR GARDENS.

I. EDEN.

I DREAM of a region all blooming,
The orient garden of God ;
Where breezes of balm are perfuming
The bowers by the spoiler untrod.

I dream of the river, clear-flowing
From its cradle of bdellium and gold,
To the wonder-stored future out-going,
Proud lands of renown to enfold :—

Of the Voice with the solitude blending,
Of the pure hearts that thrill to its sway,
Of Nature's sweet incense ascending,
In the soft-breathing cool of the day.

They soothe me—the freshness and glory
That play round that innocent prime ;
While I grope 'mid this eventide hoary,—
This lingering twilight of time.

It swims like a memory before me,
A shimmering, wavering scene,
Like the gleams that from childhood steal o'er me,
With life's clouding vapour between.

My soul in its vision is centred,
When, hark !—the stern knelling of fate !
' Away, for the serpent hath entered !
The sword is unsheathed at the gate !'

II. GETHSEMANE.

I enter Thy garden of sorrow,
O Man of the mighty woe !
The shades of the awful morrow
Their gloom o'er the midnight throw.

The silvery olives quiver,
Albeit the night is still ;
Their leaves in the moonlight shiver,
As if with an inward thrill.

Thy chosen ones sleep for sorrow,
No brotherly touch is near ;
No solace Thy heart can borrow
From human sigh or tear.

In the depth of Thy woes unsleeping,
One angel is strengthening Thee ;

One nameless angel is keeping
The watch of Gethsemane.

'Thou hast called on Thy God to save Thee ;
Thrice o'er I have heard Thee pray ;
But the cup that Thy Father gave Thee
He wills not to pass away.

Oh, that cup ! it is deep and brimming !
It flameth with God's red wine !
Pale anguish Thine eye is dimming,
But Thy soul breathes, 'Thy will—not mine.'

For well dost Thou know, if Thou shrinkest
From draining the dregs and lees—
Redeemer ! except Thou drinkest,
'Twill pass to the lips of ' These.'

III. THE GARDEN OF THE SEPULCHRE.

Through the dusk, while the dawn is breaking,
Ere a light, timid leaflet wave,
I seek, ere the world is waking,
The garden of the grave.

The lilies' rich dewes are weeping,
And bending in silver bloom ;
And the passion-flower's tendrils are creeping
And trembling amid the gloom.

How holy and hushed is the seeming,—
The silence of dawn and death !
Creation seems breathlessly dreaming
Where her Maker still slumbereth.

Now resteth each Sabbath-keeper,
With the tear of sorrow still wet ;
While the stone is rolled on the Sleeper,
And sealed—and the watch is set.

Again I have sought the garden
At the dawning of the day ;
By the Sepulchre stands no warden—
The stone has been rolled away !

And two angels in white are sitting
In the place where the Lord hath lain,
And point, while the shadows are fitting,
To the bed that was guarded in vain.

Ye dews that were weeping so early
The blight upon Eden's bloom,
How soft ye are shining, and pearly,
This morn on Christ's empty tomb !

Thou sun in thy golden gladness,
Wing forth with an arrowy speed,
And tell to this world of sadness,
'The Lord is risen indeed !'

IV. THE PARADISE OF GOD.

There groweth a garden immortal
By the shore of a crystal sea,
And the path to its radiant portal
Leads up from Gethsemane.

There the saints, in their full-orbed brightness,
Are walking with Christ in light,—
The saints who in shaded whiteness
Toiled after Him here by night.

Once they gathered the pale-streaked flowers
That sprang from that purple dew ;
Now they twine, in the sunlit bowers,
Fair blossoms of heavenly hue.

The glory is risen like noon-day—
Love's shining summer begun ;
For the Face, that afar was their Moon-ray,
Smiles there as their warm, sweet Sun.

Oh, blessed are they who have whitened
Their robes in the Lamb's own blood !
Oh, blessed are they who have brightened
Their soul in the smile of God !

For they have the right to enter,
To pass through the lustrous door ;—

On the tree of life in the centre
To feast them for evermore.

Dear Lord, through life's endless story,
Oh grant I may ever be,
'Mid the agony, 'mid the glory,
Still seen in the garden with Thee !

REMEMBERING THE WAY.

WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our songs to Him are swelling
Who the vast creation fills ;
When the paths of prayer and duty
And repenting all are trod,
And we wake up in the beauty
Of the Holy Lord our God ;

As we wave the palms of glory
Through the bright triumphant years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal hopes and fears ?
Shall we e'er forget our sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness
And our tears are dried by Him ?

Shall the memory be banished
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He brought us,
All the grievings that He bore,
All the patient love that taught us,—
Shall we think of them no more?

Oh, we surely shall remember
How He quickened us from death,
How He fanned the dying ember
With His spirit's glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of each sorrow and alarm,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On The Everlasting Arm.

It will never dim the brightness
To look back on earth from heaven ;
It will never mar the whiteness,
To remember sins forgiven.
With life's glimmering track behind us,
And the glory stretching round,
Still a tender link shall bind us
To the hallowed pilgrim ground.

And His rest will be the dearer,
When we think of weary hours,

And His light will shine the clearer
For the shadows and the showers.
Oh, 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a sad and stormy day !
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the waters past away.

SONGS OF THE BELOVED.

I.

SIGHS FOR THE BELOVED.

THE bride is sitting lonely,
In the absence of her Lord ;
This cheers her heart—this only—
His bosom-treasured word,
‘ I quickly come.’

She trims her lamp to meet Him,
And girds her garment white,
And thus prepares to greet Him,
Come He at morn or night
To fetch her home.

Pure, faithful, love-inspiring,
Her spirit she adorns,
In holiness attiring ;
A lily among thorns,
She blooms alone.

The world that lies beneath her,
Has not a charm for her ;
Beyond the mounts of Bether,
Up to the hills of myrrh,
Her heart is gone.

She sighs for His appearing,
Through the long shadowy night,
His royal chaplet wearing,
Bringing her joy and light
To earth again.

She lifts her eyes to heaven,—
Her dove-like virgin eyes,
And longs to see it riven,
And her Day-star arise,
Healing all pain.

Yet, through her night of watching,—
Her vigil dark and long,
A ray from glory catching,
She pours her hopeful song—
Her turtle strain.

‘ Beloved, my heart is waking !
Help me to watch and pray,
Till, morning lustre breaking,
I rise and come away,
By Thee embraced.

‘ See, on the mountains leaping,
How the young hart is fleet ;
Oh ! thus to end my weeping,
Swift be Thy coming feet :
Make haste ! make haste ! ’

And does her Lord forget her,
While dwelling thus apart ?
No ! He hath fondly set her
A seal upon His heart,
In suffering traced.

‘ Wait on, hope on, my fairest,
The marriage feast is nigh ;
Soon every grief thou bearest
And every cloud shall fly
At my glad voice.

‘ Then shall mine arm embrace thee,
My love, my reconciled ;
Then on my throne I’ll place thee,
My dove, my undefiled—
Rejoice ! rejoice ! ’

II.

THE BELOVED'S VOICE.

'Tis thy Belovèd's voice, my love,—
Thine own Belovèd's voice !
It calls thee to rejoice, my love,
To waken and rejoice.
Rise up and come away, my love,
Rise up and come away ;
The shadows melt in day, my love,
In dewy, dawning day.

I've bounded o'er the hills, my love,
O'er Bether's barrier hills,
Like roe that seeks the rills, my love,
The rushing, rippling rills.
For lo, the winter is past, my love,
Its dreariness all is past ;
I've brought thee Spring at last, my love,
Bright, balmy Spring at last !

The rain is over and gone, my love,
Over and past and gone ;
The sun thro' thy lattice hath shone, my love,
The sun on thy heart hath shone.

The flowers appear in their bloom, my love,
Appear on the earth in bloom ;
The time of singing is come, my love,
The turtle's voice is come.

The fig-tree is budding in green, my love,
Is budding in early green ;
And the tender grapes are seen, my love,
On the scented vine are seen.
So I come like the bounding roe, my love,
To thee, like the bounding roe ;
Arise and let us go, my love,
Arise and let us go !

III.

THE NIGHT SONG.

Open to me, my sister,
My dove, my undefiled !
Fair, solitary lily
Of all this thorny wild.
Oh, let me see thy countenance,
Oh, let me hear thy voice ;
For pleasant are thy tone, thy glance,
They make my heart rejoice.

Open to me, my sister !
Chill is the moon's faint light ;
My head is wet with dew-damp,
My locks with drops of night.
Thou knowest not thy Bridegroom's voice,
His knocking at thy door ;
Strange on thine ear His pleadings fall,
They melt thy heart no more.

Open to me, my sister !
Behold me now, and see
What I have braved in battle,
And all for love of thee.
The thorny crown my visage marred,
The sharp spear pierced my side ;
The nails my hands and feet have scarred,
My wounds were deep and wide.

Open to me, my sister !
I love, I linger yet,
While fast the moon is waning,
And stars begin to set.
When o'er yon hills to thee I sped,
My step was glad and fleet ;
But sad and slow shall be the tread
Of my retiring feet.

Open to me, my sister !
Oh, wilt thou not invite

The world's outcast Wayfarer
To tarry for a night ?
Even the foxes have their hole,
Birds of the air their nest ;
But, save in a surrendered soul,
I have not where to rest.

IV.

THE NIGHT SEARCH.

Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth ?
Daughters of Salem, say !
Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth ?
He is gone—He is passed away !
Saw ye Him with the raven locks ?
Ah me ! He said they were wet with dew !
All night methought, ' At my door He knocks,'
All night while the chill winds blew.

Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth ?
Daughters of Salem, tell !
Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth ?
Alas ! for He lodged not well.
Saw ye Him who is white and red,
Without one stain save His own heart's blood
It was won for the love of me, He said,
That wound in the wars of God.

Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth,
 Watchmen that keep the wall?
Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth
 Pass where the shadows fall?
Saw ye Him of the kingly grace,
 The choicest and chiefest 'mong thousands ten,
Yet, strange how sorrow had marred His face!—
 The Fairer than sons of men.

Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth,
 Watchmen that tell of the night?
Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth
 Move through the dim moonlight?
I seek through the city, from street to street,
 I seek in the wide and beaten way;
East, west, where the dark and the dawning meet;
 But I wearily, vainly stray.

If ye find Him whom my soul loveth,—
 If ye find Him, O my friends!
Tell Him—Him whom my soul loveth—
 His bride this message sends :—
'I am sad, I am sick with hope deferred;
 I pine, I languish with love's delay;
I yearn, I thirst for the voice I heard,
 That died from my door away!'

THE DAWN.

**SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A BELOVED YOUNG
RELATIVE.**

OH, sweetly the thrush and the blackbird were singing
Just under our window that looked on the lawn ;
Each bough to their pleasure-thrilled motions was
 swinging,
Tho' unstirred by the calm dewy air of the dawn.

But 'twas not to rejoice in the early May morning,
 'Twas not for its mirth or its melody's sake ;
'Twas not in response to the silent light, warning
 All nature to waken, that we were awake.

We were watching a death-bed, and, soft o'er our dying,
 Breathed 'Suffer the children to come unto me ;'
And, 'Oh, He was kind, and I love Him !' replying,
 Our little one came, loving Saviour, to Thee !

Vanished hours ! it is sad, it is sweet to dwell o'er ye !
How blent was the dawn of the morn—of the year,
With the dawn of her life and the dawn of her glory !
There was but one shadow ;—our hearts !—it was
there.

E'en yet, when a thrush, with a blue sky above him,
Pipes clear from a bough, our soul sickens with
pain ;
But an echo says, ' Oh, He was kind, and I love Him !'
Our spirit is calmed, and we listen again.

CHRIST THE HEART OF HEAVEN.

THE harps of gold are ringing
Across the crystal sea ;
A gentle breath is bringing
Their echoes down to me.
Now steals their soft outpouring,
Now swells their clear acclaim ;
Throughout, the deep adoring
Of One Belovèd Name.
Christ is the Heart of Heaven,
The theme of all the throng ;
If Christ were not in heaven,
All silent were the song.

The sun of love is beaming
To dry the dew of tears ;—
Love's golden sun, outstreaming
To bless the cloudless years.
Its shining beauty brightens
The summer land above ;

With warm sweet smile it lightens—
That golden Sun of Love !
Christ is the Heart of Heaven,
Its glory and its light ;
If Christ were not in heaven,
Its noonday were as night.

Each joy in heaven beareth
Life's freest bloom and breath ;
Yet, won by blood, it weareth
The costliness of death.
From grief doth gladness borrow
The garland of the blest ;
The cross of bleeding sorrow
Endears the crownèd rest.
Christ is the Heart of Heaven,
Triumphant now He stands,
The Sceptred Man in heaven,
With nail-prints in His hands.

O dower of passing sweetness !
O cup filled to the brim !
O perfect, pure completeness
That saints possess in Him !
O sweet unwearying story,
Sung in each various tone !
And O fair feast of glory,
That tastes of love alone !

162 *CHRIST THE HEART OF HEAVEN.*

Christ is the Heart of Heaven,
Its fulness and its bliss !
No banquet, e'en in heaven,
For hungering souls, like this !

'WHO SHALL OPEN THE BOOK?'

AND I wept much that God, deep searching round
The ranks of heaven, with clear and flaming look,
'Mid their bright hosts no angel hand had found
So pure and strong as to unseal the Book.

Then a crowned elder, turning, said to me,
'Weep not ! though creaturehood in worth has
failed,
Earth's forfeiture shall be redeemed ; for see !
The Lion throned of Judah hath prevailed.'

And then I lifted, trembling, my steeped eyes,
That, as the sun clear-shining dries the rain,
This glory on my weeping might arise ;
And lo !—a Lamb e'en as it had been slain !

And hence I will not fear though thunders roll,
And trumpets sound, and girded angels stand
With vials full of woe. Be still, my soul !
The seals are broken by the piercèd Hand.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

To suffer, trust, and love !
Oh, holy strain of heaven-touched hearts,
Tuning to harps above,
In earthly tone, their plaintive breathing parts ;
We catch their echoes low—
Those notes of long ago ;
They wake an answering music—which departs.

O Love, Trust, Suffering !
Paths that the foremost pilgrims trod,
Ye to His goal did bring
The cross-bound Christ—Gethsemane's burdened
God ;
And, where His saints might greet
Marks of His bleeding feet,
That was a blossom-strewn, triumphal road.

To love, to trust, to bleed !
O spirit strong of martyrdom,
Courting the immortal meed
At the red hand of old blood-drunken Rome !

Through gates of fiery pain
Pressing with Christ to reign,—
Crying, 'O King !—Thou callest us !—we come !'

Why seemed the cross so light
They carried in those early days ?
How beamed their crown so bright ?
What paved with palms e'en death's most dolorous
ways ?

O hearts strung from above
With courage, trust, and love,
We feel your throbs when on your deeds we gaze.

Why now so sore doth press
The cross of Him, the still adored ?
Why in such weariness
Bear we about the dying of our Lord ?
The harp is all unstrung—
The heart no more is young—
The first glad, palmy prime is not restored.

To suffer, love, and trust !
Of earlier saints O lot divine !
The cup, that drink they must,
Filled, as they drank it, with the Kingdom's wine ;
The wreath of thorns they wore
Bare amaranths, and the more
Their Cross o'ershadowed, did their Crown out-
shine.

BEFORE THE CRUCIFIED.

My soul lies low before Thee,
O Christ the Crucified,
In stillness to adore Thee,
And muse how Thou hast died.

This earth is full of sorrow,
Its air is sad with sighs ;
No solace can we borrow,
Save pity from Thine eyes.

Mild Lord ! Thy tears are healing,
Thou hast not wept in vain ;
Thy sympathy is stealing
The sharpness out of pain.

Light round Thy Cross is glowing
Warmer than noon above ;
My soul is all outflowing
'Neath such a Sun of Love.

O infinite calm brightness !
O beam of God's pure day !
Shine o'er me with Thy whiteness—
Melt all the shades away.

HIS AND MINE.

O JESUS, what sorrows were Thine !
I taste of them only ;
A cup that can never be mine
Thou drainedst all lonely.

Deep, deep as Thy heart was Thy woe,
Unsearched as Thy being ;
But Thou all my sorrow dost know,
Thou Saviour all-seeing.

Thine, Thine was the doom-darkened way
To Gethsemane's sorrow ;
Mine, but Thy light burden to-day,
And Thy glory to-morrow.

Thine, Thine was the curse and the blight,
The shame and the scorning ;
Mine, weeping that dures for a night,
And joy in the morning.

THE CLOUD.

I stood gazing o'er a meadow,
Glistening all in dewy green ;
While I gazed, a sudden shadow
Swept across its emerald sheen.

Quick I raised my glance to heaven,
Keen to scan the invading cloud
O'er the joyous verdure driven,
All its sunlit breadth to shroud.

And I saw, far up the brightness,
A celestial wondrous thing,—
Saw a cloud of snowy whiteness,
Like an angel's dazzling wing.

'Twas on earth a thing of sadness,
Throwing dark athwart the bright ;
But in heaven, a thing of gladness,
Printing beauty on the light.

Even so, methought, our sorrow
Is the shadow cast below,
From some high, bright bliss, the morrow
Of the glorified shall show.

TO 'A PILGRIM OF THE NIGHT.'

My mournful friend, and dost thou fear
Thou art not 'walking in the way?
Ah, deem not clouds and darkness here
Bespeak thy soul astray.

Our path is one ; thy cross is mine,
Though I am ever calmly glad :
Our path is one ; my hope is thine,
Though thou art aye so sad.

It is as if two pilgrims, vowed
Within the temple courts to pray,
Should journey, one 'neath star and cloud,
The other all by day.

Each marks the same majestic heights
Towering aloft beyond the storms,
Though one sees all their beauteous lights,
The other, but their forms.

Each wends the same clear waters by,
Though, mirrored in their face afar,
One sees the glad sun in the sky,
The other, but the star.

And each the same loved shrine doth view ;
One, 'neath the warm, illuming sun,
The other, by the dawn's pale hue ;
Yet both the goal have won.

So we, sweet friend, one pathway tread,
Whether we walk 'neath light or gloom,
With sun or star above our head,
Around us, blight or bloom.

May our own God but grant to me
An evening time of mellow light,
And bid the dawn soon rise on thee,
Thou Pilgrim of the Night.

A SONG OF SYCHAR.

I CAME unto the well at noon,
With thirsty lip and weary feet ;
I sought a failing earthly boon,
Nor dreamed the Eternal Life to meet.
But One was waiting there for me—
One wearier, thirstier far than I ;
There in that hour He needs must be,
To greet the sinner drawing nigh.

'Twas deep, the well from which He drew,
Deep as His love, His woe, His grave ;
It quenched His own great thirst, I knew,
One dying soul from death to save.
The cup was running o'er the brim—
The cup of life He reached to me ;
O thirsting spirit ! ask of Him,
And He will freely give to thee.

He told me all I e'er had done,
His brow was sad for sins of mine ;

Oh sorrow of the sinless One !

It made His love look more divine.

Thou trembling soul, thou needst not fear

To talk with Him in loneliest place ;

For gently to thy secret ear

His voice shall speak of truth and grace.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

HEB. XII. 2.

Looking unto Jesus,
O for faith's bright eye,
Fixed on that pure life-course
Till it ends on high !
Looking up through sadness,
Out from self and sin ;
Drinking love and gladness,
Life and glory in.

Looking unto Jesus !
O for such a sight,
As would draw me towards Him
On the sea at night !
Through the waves' dim welter—
Tempest's rude alarms,
Struggling toward the shelter
Of those outstretched arms.

Looking unto Jesus !
O for heart of grace,
Following where the High Priest
Sets His stedfast face !
Though His steps turn yonder
Where the doom hangs dim,
Mute with awe and wonder
Let us die with Him.

Looking unto Jesus !
O for love's clear gaze,
First to hail the Master
Through the morn's dark haze
Keen to recognise Him
On the glimmering shore ;
Swift to realize Him
Blessing heart and store.

Looking unto Jesus !
Saving, lightening look !
He has bid me lift it,—
He will not rebuke.
From earth's darkest places
Men may gaze abroad,
Turning wistful faces
Toward the Lamb of God.

Looking unto Jesus !
Lord, Thine own sad eye,

'Mid the gloom was lightened
By the future joy.
So, while clouds roll o'er me,
Light beyond I see.
Joy is set before me,
Looking unto Thee.

**'THE CLOUDS ARE THE DUST OF
HIS FEET.'**

I.

I bow before Thee, as is meet, O God,
Adoring Thy dear grace ;
But there are clouds around Thy feet, O God,
I cannot see Thy face.
These be the dust that hides Thy chariot-wheels,
They shroud the steps at which Thy suppliant kneels.

II.

Thou'rt holy in Thy providence, Lord God,
If I but understood !
I dwell in doubt and sick suspense, Lord God,
Confounding ill with good.
One dawn-streaked opening leads to light above,
Christ alway loved Thy will, and proved Thy will is
love.

III.

Take me into Thy Father-arms, my God,
Take me up close to Thee !
Soothe me from tremulous alarms, my God,
Thy face oh let me see !
Lift me to levels of Thy heart and will,
Those regions undisturbed, cerulean-clear and still.

CLOTHED WITH A CLOUD.

REV. x.

I SAW an Angel clothèd with a cloud,
And like the sun in heaven shone His face.
That robe of gloom the glory could not shroud,
Nor did the beam the mantling darkness chase.

Lord, Thou art Light, the very Light of Love !
And yet the skirting shadows are not fled.
Clouds from below and brightness from above,
Make up the emerald rainbow round Thy head.

A WAYSIDE GREETING.

THY sun of life is in the west,
Thou weary, weary one !
It is the time when thoughts of rest
Breathe freshness through the pilgrim's breast ;
Oh say, hast thou a mansion blest
Beyond that westering sun ?

Those flowers of joy, once twined in bloom,
'Mid youth's sweet early dew,
Are perish'd ; some in sorrow's gloom,
And some bestrewn upon the tomb ;
Hast thou one flower beyond the doom
Of skies that smile untrue ?

Thy early loves are left behind,
Thou lonely, lonely one !
Cold lie the hearts that once beat kind ;
The eyes are closed that loving shined ;
Their memory faileth from thy mind :
Ah ! how thou art alone !

Yet, weary, joyless, thou may'st be
A blessèd, blessèd one !
There is a welcome and a home
Where bosom's blight doth never come,
Whence none part desolate to roam ;
Haste, ere the light be gone !

ONE EMPTY GRAVE.

ONE empty grave ! There was an hour of wonder
When wakeful stars leaned o'er night's paling verge,
And saw, the mantle of dusk silence under,
God's First-begotten from the dead emerge.

One empty grave ! There was an eastern dawning
Whose unsealed eyelids oped on a great sight ;
The sepulchre untenanted, wide yawning,
And immortality clear brought to light.

As 'neath the dead, loose leaf the bud is swelling,
With signet promise of the young green year,
So this one empty grave is mutely telling
Of a new life beyond love's burial here.

Oh, it is this our anguish that assuages,
'The graves were oped ' when Christ hung on the
cross,
Avenger of the peoples and the ages—
Thy stern Destroyer, O dread Thanatos !

T O - N I G H T.

REV. III. 20.

I STAND at thy door to-night, O soul,
Outside thy closèd door ;
The watches are winging their flight, O soul,
Thine hour will soon be o'er !
I have left the golden glories of Home,
Thy heart-housed guest to be ;
By the manger, the cross, the tomb, I have come,—
All for the sake of thee !

I am standing and knocking to-night, O soul,
Knocking full loud and long ;
I would break on that dream so bright, O soul,—
That slumber so deep and strong.
Thou know'st not the hand that is knocking now,
Was bleeding once on the tree,
That its lingering pulses sank faint and slow,
All for the sake of thee.

I am watching and waiting to-night, O soul,
I list for the faintest breath ;
But there cometh nor sound nor sight, O soul,
All is still and dark as death.
Thou know'st not, these locks that the damp steeps
through,
While thy door is closed on me,
Were dyed one night with a heavier dew,—
All for the sake of thee !

If thou wilt but hearken to-night, O soul,
I will gladly enter in ;
Thou shalt robe thee in bridal white, O soul,
And our festive joy begin.
Thy crystal chalice its depths shall show,
Thou shalt pour out thine all to me ;
Though briny and bitter the draught may flow,
I long to exchange with thee.

Oh, I will come in and sup, dear soul,
We will mingle thine and mine ;
Thou shalt drink from my heart's full cup, dear soul,
Thou shalt taste of my kingdom's wine.
I will bring bright cheer from the board above,—
A fellowship blest and free ;
A glory of joy, a rapture of love,
A heaven of song,—for thee !

Then let me enter to-night, dear soul,
Oh do not, dare not refuse !
For the love it is easy to slight, O soul,
It were hard for thee to lose.
This moveless silence is drear and dread,
This spell of baleful night ;
Awake, thou that sleepest ! arise from the dead,
And Christ shall give thee light.

If thou wilt not open to-night, O soul,
In this fleeting hour of fate,
Then woe for thy hapless plight, O soul,
When thou standest at God's shut gate !
If thou wilt not look on my woeful Cross,
And mourn because of me,
Mine eye, that can fathom a spirit's loss,
Shall weep for the sake of thee !

But the step that hath lingered to-night, O soul,
Will leave its print at thy door ;
And its echo thine ear shall smite, lost soul,
For ever and evermore.
Lo ! dawn is breaking serene and clear,
From the brow of Eternity !
Thou shalt waken to know that once I was near,—
Would once have come in to thee.

THE LAND OF THE HEART.

THERE is a land of rest, my heart,
There is a land of rest ;
'Tis floating calm before me now,
Like cloud-scenes of the West.
Its sky serene, its thornless rose,
Its waveless, silver sea,
Its Sabbath smile, its soft repose,
In hope's fair light I see.

There is a land of life, my heart,
There is a land of life !
Beyond the shadow of the grave,
With breathing beauty rife.
The shining ones are walking there,
Beside its bowers and streams,
And all its scenes are real as fair,
And beautiful as dreams.

There is a land of light, my heart,
There is a land of light !

It lies behind the cloud of years,
 And, oh, its beams are bright !
 The City fair—a jewelled Bride,—
 Stands in her jasper sheen ;
 Her crystal spires flame far and wide
 With splendours rich and keen.

Then hope unto the end, my heart,
 Then hope unto the end !
 E'en now thou hast but little time
 In sins and sighs to spend.
 Thy Saviour maketh all things new,
 And bright His work will be ;
 There is a home of fairest hue
 For thee, my heart, for thee !

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

ISA. XXXIII.

OH, fair is the beauty of summer's first rose,
When in dews of the dawning its red leaves unclose ;
But faintly its sweetness tells, breathing abroad,
Of that Plant of Renown in the garden of God.

And fair is the glory of morn's early star,
As it shakes its pure sheen in the azure afar ;
But its rays cannot image, though softly they pour,
The sun that is shining where night is no more.

Oh, earth has no blossoming, heaven no beam,
That can aid us aright of His glories to deem ;
And fancy's ideal, how feebly it paints
The King in His beauty adored by His saints !

The King in His beauty ! oh, heart hath not dreamed,
Not e'en on our holiest musings hath streamed
The radiant light of that glorified face—
Its human perfection—its heavenly grace.

The seers that once soared in the visions of God,
On desolate mountains, in deserts untrod,
By Chebar, by Ulai, in Patmos' drear isle—
They saw him and lived, but they trembled the while.

Ah, who then may look on that glorious One,
Or lift a calm gaze to the light of His throne?
These eyes that are earthy and world-worn and dim,
Shall they ever be strengthened to rest upon Him?

Oh, calm thee, poor heart! yea, be fearless and calm,
For the light thou shalt see is the light of the Lamb,
Immanuel's majesty, tender and mild;
A sun winged with healing—a God reconciled.

Amidst that Apocalypse, awful and bright,
The trace of His woes will be dear to our sight,
When the Crucified shows us His hands and His side,
We shall own the sure marks of the Brother that died.

Oh, joy of the blessed! with Him we shall walk,
With Him of His Cross and His victory talk,—
Of our own fleeted sorrows perchance, and our sin,
While the glory is round us—the gladness within.

O kingliest beauty of Jesus my Lord!
Unseen, I have loved it—believing, adored!
Yet none may praise duly, save those that behold,
That song must be sung to the sweet harps of gold.

A YOUNG MOTHER'S MUSINGS.

SLEEP, sweetest baby, sleep and dream of heaven,—
Smiling amid thy dreams. Ah, might I know
What happy vision lights thy slumber now,
 'Neath this mild shade of even !

'Mong the revealings of some future day,
Oh, couldst thou tell me how they softly stole
In winning beauty o'er thy baby soul,
 In heavenliest array !

Wouldst thou not talk of angels, who the while
They harped at noon thy sleep-song on soft strings,
Made twilight o'er thee with their meeting wings,
 And gave thee smile for smile,—

Tell how, when curtains round thy couch were
 drawn,
The beam ineffable of their sweet eyes
Fell on thy spirit like a slow sun-rise—
 A silent, silver dawn ?

Angels might deem thee such a holy thing
As once in Bethlehem Judah they beheld,
Near whom they drooped the lily boughs they held,
And spread the veiling wing,

There is such peace upon thy slumbering brow,
Such sunny clearness in thy waking eyes ;
And yet, in secret of thy spirit lies
A shadow even now.

Yet will I come as hopeful Hannah came,
In those old days at Shiloh, long grown dim,
Bringing my consecrated one to Him
Whose love is still the same.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

THOU fairer than the sons of men,
And yet a Son of man !
Thy glories reach beyond the ken
Of mortal eye to scan ;

And yet Thou didst not think it shame
Our human life to share ;
Called by a Brother's homely name,
To taste our toil and care.

We know Thee better, Heavenly Heart,
Than hearts around us here ;
A more confiding Friend Thou art
Than friends of earth most dear.

We know Thee in the ancient past—
In goings forth of old,—
Light, like a garment, round Thee cast,
And clouds beneath Thee rolled.

Ere Thou hadst formed the depths and heights,
Thy joys were with us then ;
From everlasting, Thy delights
Were with the sons of men.

We know Thee in Thy lowly rest,
'Mid homes by sin defiled,
Upon Thy mother's guileless breast,
A smiling, slumbering child.

We know Thee in Thy weary ways,
O'er hill and shore and plain ;
Thy watchful nights—Thy toilsome days—
Soothing man's want and pain.

We know Thee in each word of might
That fed the world's great dearth ;
We know Thee in each deed of light
That glorified the earth.

We know Thee in Thy bitter death,
Thy thirst, Thine agony ;
The pathos of Thy parting breath,
Thy piercing victor cry.

We know Thee where Thou dwellest now,
Beyond the azure veil,
Presenting with uplifted brow
The plea that ne'er can fail.

We know Thy purposes of peace—
Thy pitying, gracious ends—
Thy glorious kingdom's glad increase,
For Thou hast called us friends.

THE DAISY.**REMINISCENCE OF AN INFANT RELATIVE.**

Dewy daisy ! dewy daisy !
How the children doat on thee !
Little feet are never lazy
Where thou sprinklest white the lea.

Snowy daisy ! snowy daisy !
Where thy smiling blossoms spring,
Little hands are ever busy,
Plucking, weaving, scattering.

Starry daisy ! starry daisy !
Thou dost crook thy fairy stem
To their merry dance and mazy,
Winking, blinking back to them.

Witching daisy ! witching daisy !
With thy spell their heart is bound.
What to them the mountain hazy ?
In the meadows thou art found.

Daisy blythe ! thou'lt spring to-morrow
Fresh as in my infancy.
Can it be that thoughts of sorrow
Ever should be linked with thee ?

Ah, when feet that once were nimble
Run in quest of thee no more,
When the hands that wove thee tremble,
And the merry dance is o'er ;

When the sod from which thou springest
Is our best-beloved's grave,
Then, ah then ! sad thoughts thou bringest
Wheresoe'er thy flowerets wave.

Still, methinks, to see thy blossom
Ope to sunrise like an eye,
Well may breathe into our bosom
Thoughts of immortality ;

Thoughts of her in beauty moulded,
Like thine own pure pearly bud,
Who her soul so soon unfolded
To the streaming glory-flood ;—

Oped so soon her eye for ever
On the morn-star's living ray,
On the sun that setteth never,
On the cloudless, endless day.

THE FORSAKEN PATH.

I TURNED me down a moss-grown path,
Where low, thick boughs green darkness made ;
The brightest shaft that noonlight hath
Pierced not that tangled shade.

Once it had been a beaten way,
Though strait and lone, perchance, as now ;
But never foot for many a day
Had cared to come or go.

Where might it lead, that track unseen,—
Haunt of some long-forgetting tread ?
To what retired, familiar scene,
Once dear to friendships dead ?

As still I questioned fancy so,
There burst on me a sweet surprise ;
A garden, rich in summer's glow,
Spread out before mine eyes.

There, 'neath the beam of highest noon,
Each flower oped wide its brilliant eye ;
Loud hummed the hovering bee its tune,
Light frisked the butterfly.

A store of sweets flowed mingling there,
In rife, luxuriant wealth untold,
'Neath pearl-snowed boughs and branches fair,
Like fountains dripping gold.

I grudged no rightful hand was nigh
To cull from the exuberant bloom ;
And that those flowers must, like a sigh,
Breathe out their lost perfume.

'Twas then methought, 'Ah, wandering heart,
Here is a parable for thee !
Thou the forgetful ingrate art,
That dost thy mercies flee.

'There is a path once knew thy tread,
Then smooth and free its course did lie ;
And sun and shade wove o'er thy head
Their quivering canopy.

'It wooed thee to a blessed goal,
A paradise of bloom and light ;
An odorous arbour of the soul ;
A garden of delight.

‘ Now lies that path unsought, untrod,—
Unshared that portion rich and sweet ;
No more the Eden walk with God
Attracts thy wandering feet.’

THE CHILD'S FIRST PSALM AT FAMILY
WORSHIP.

THIS morn another voice arose
Beside our altar hearth ;
While crownèd elders harped in heaven,
An infant sang on earth.

Blythe sang he of the 'pastures green,'
And clear his young voice rang ;
Blythe sang he, too, of 'death's dark vale'—
He knew not what he sang.

But oh ! it thrilled our hearts to think,
This new note in our strain
Hath tones of immortality
We shall not tune in vain.

The rill just trickling from the spring
Shall lave full many a shore ;
The star once kindled in the sky
Shall shine for evermore.

So may the voice that rose this morn,
Through ages swell more sweet,
That echoes of our altar hearth
Our hearts in heaven may greet.



THE LAST PSALM.¹

THE song yon simple infant sang,
The song of 'death's dark vale,'
Was caught up soon by kindred lips,—
Lips calm, but oh, how pale !

It rose not from the altar hearth
Where glad hearts meet at morn,
And whence, like evening incense sweet,
Their parting prayer is borne.

'Twas from an early bed of death,
While loved ones wept around ;
Its echo in the hearts that heard
Will evermore be found.

She was so young—she was so fair—
So guileless and so gay—
The sweetest sunbeam of her home
Has with her passed away.

¹ See 'Child's First Psalm at Family Worship.'

In the pure, lovely paths she trod,
Her step was light with glee ;
And entering e'en that sudden gloom,
'Twas child-like still, and free.

For she was told of Jesus' love,
In winning words and sweet,
Love free as any wayside flower
E'er waving at her feet.

And so, with soothed, confiding heart,
And cheering smiles of peace,
She hasted through the shadow dark
Unto the bright release.

Her dust rests in that pleasant place
By the two loved ones' side ;
Her spirit, on that Shepherd's grace
Who for His lambs hath died.

THE CALL OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is calling on my soul,—
The beauty of the morn.
From out the dark still depth of night
The breathing day is born.

The sun has drunk the dew of stars
Off heaven's azure field,
And the rich fount of summer light
Is lavishly unsealed.

Gladness is in the sound of streams,
The birds' clear throbbing trill,
The voiceful stir of waking homes,
The woodland's breezy thrill.

Across the hill's stern shoulder thrown,
There floats a hazy sheen,
And these, glad morning ! from of old
Thy goings forth have been.

Beauty is calling on my soul,—
The beauty of the noon,
With noiseless fall of blossom-showers,
And bees' low, drowsy tune.

The sun sits despot in the south,
Wielding his sceptre ray ;
And all the vassal streams flash up
His glories on their way.

Wide rolls the shining sea of beams ;
A languid splendour steeps
The hills, the city and the plains :
All nature toils or sleeps.

O lordly Noon, thy burning eye
Too fervid glows—too free !
Earth pants beneath thy breathless spell,
And cannot hide from thee.

Beauty is calling on my soul,—
The beauty of the eve,
The skies have scarcely gathered pearls
Her coronet to weave ;

And yet she glides unchallenged queen,
To mount her silent throne,
Trailing her robe of lustrous fringe,
And makes the world her own.

Beneath her sway the forests wear
A gloom of purple brown ;
Tired earth seems grateful in her sleep,
That the fierce sun is down.

The west is like a temple dim,
Whose altar stands unfed ;
Whose dusky doors are left to close,
Because the god is dead.

Beauty is calling on my soul,—
The beauty of the night.
Its shades more softly penetrate
Than goodliest pomps of light.

The moon roams like a pilgrim saint
Locked in a trance divine,
Who on a trackless waste hath lost
Her pathway to the shrine.

Beneath, spreads fair mysterious light,
Earth shimmers like a dream—
The white soul of the daylight world,
All things so hallowed seem.

And earth and I are sailing east,
Over a sea unknown,
Among those myriad barks of light
Watched from God's unseen throne.

THE SISTERS.

A REMEMBRANCE OF E. C. C.

' Music of death and bridal met on the summer breeze.

We knew not that our life's delight
Was gliding from us day by day ;
That unseen wings, with silent flight,
Were bearing our beloved away.

A hum of bridal stirred the home—
Soft, happy talk of years to be,
And joys that on their round should come ;—
None spoke with brighter cheer than she.

We said, ' A store of mirth and song
Goes from us, but we will not weep ;
For the pure brightness shed so long
From *her* sweet soul we still shall keep.'

And then we planned how she should be
The centre of our circling love,

Her brow from every shadow free,
A reflex of the peace above.

Our eyes were holden while we gazed
On those dear looks of tender grace ;
But suddenly the veil was raised,
And we beheld an angel's face.

While earthly shadows dimmed our eye,
She saw the Bridegroom—heard His call ;
And lifting her pure lamp on high,
Walked with white feet into His hall.

Oh, it is well ! for while we strew
These wintry violets on her bier,
Hers is a clime of suns and dew,
That breathes of summer all the year.

Rest in thy bliss, thou snow-white soul !
Thou makest thy serene abode
Where love's immortal rivers roll
In sunshine from the heart of God.

**'THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN
HIS BEAUTY.'**

THINE eyes shall see the King in His beauty—
Eyes of the weary lid,
That soon must close in a silent slumber,
In dust and darkness hid :
They shall see His face in orbèd fulness,
When Love's clear dawn shall break ;
Pure, tearless, eagle-bright, immortal,
Those eyes to light shall wake.

Nay, thou shalt see a glimpse of His beauty,
O faithful soul, e'en here !
A glancing beam through the chequered lattice
Shall suddenly appear.
These eyes, too oft that are veiled and holden,
Shall catch a smiling ray ;
And thou shalt learn, the land of the sunshine
Is not so far away.

And thou hast beheld one beam of His beauty
With this dulled sight ere now ;—
Hast marked the signs of His Cross and Passion—
The prints on His marrèd brow.
And thine eyes shall ask for these sacred traces,
Up yonder, nor all in vain ;
For amidst the throne there shall stand for ever
A Lamb as it had been slain.

FAITH'S UNDERTONE.

LORD, I believe that Thou canst save,
That Thou canst bring relief ;—
Canst draw me from the wildest wave,
Canst raise me from the lowest grave,—
Bear all my guilt and grief :
Lord, I believe ! hear faith's glad cry !
Hear, too, its trembling, suppliant sigh,—
Help Thou my unbelief.

Lord, I believe Thy peace is mine ;
The dove-borne olive leaf
Wet with Gethsemane's dew doth shine,
Proclaiming amnesty divine
To sinners, ev'n the chief.
Lord, I believe ! hear faith's glad cry !
Hear, too, its trembling, suppliant sigh,—
Help Thou my unbelief.

Lord, I believe that Thou art Love ;
Life lies in this belief ;
I know Thou smilest from above,
As towards my heart's dear home I move,
'Mid shadows deep though brief.
Lord, I believe ! hear faith's glad cry !
Hear, too, its trembling, suppliant sigh,—
Help Thou my unbelief !

'THE GREEN AND THE GREY.'

WE laid two loved ones in a pleasant place,
A place all still but for its streams and trees,—
Two, lovely in their lives and loving much,
And in their death scarce parted. One had hair
Silvered and thin, upon a brow that bore
The chastened calm of years, and eyes long grown
Too dim to ply the accustomed tasks of love,
And gently failing mind, that heaven-like
Blended all days into a Sabbath. Now
She tastes the rest of glory, and the meek
And quiet spirit, her fair ornament,—
The 'all things lovely and of good report,'
Which here she followed, overtaken now,
Adorn her soul for ever. By her side
The other slumbers, her dark locks hid deep
From our fond smoothing touch, and those sweet eyes
That gave such meaning to the artless words,
'I love you,' shaded for a deeper sleep
Than e'er her mother tended. Ah, in vain
A doating father planned the velvet lawn

To reach the porch-like window, that her feet
Might frolic there in quick returning health,
With her glad sisters ! One faint, wistful look
From that fair chamber was her only share
Of the bright garden in its springtide bloom
Bound by the circling hills. And there she died,
Lisping a prayer ; the child of cherished love,
Eliza—died ! Yet now that infant soul,
So ignorant of all, but that *He* said,
'Suffer the little ones to come to me,'
Learns of the angels, and the burning stars,
Those 'sparks' of nightly wonder, she doth scan
And comprehend in their high harmonies.
The babe is wiser than the ancients. Peace,
Peace to you both, beloved ! Sleep is good
For aged ones and children. Rest awhile,
Until the shadows flee, and Jesus brings
The cloudless morning, and ye wake refreshed
From the last slumber for the endless day.

TO GOD AND HIS CHRIST.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing !
For He the lonely winepress trod,
Our cup of joy to bring.
His glorious arm the strife maintained—
He marched in might from far ;
His robes were with the vintage stained—
Red with the wine of war.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing !
For He invaded Death's abode,
And robbed him of his sting.
The house of dust enthralls no more,
For He—the Strong to save,
Himself doth guard that silent door—
Great Keeper of the grave.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing ;

For He hath crushed beneath His rod
The world's dark, rebel king.
He plunged in his imperial strength
To gulfs of darkness down ;
He brought His trophy up at length—
The judged usurper's crown !

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing !
For He redeemed us with His blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength His arm upbore—
The arm that set us free ;
Glory, O God, for evermore,
Be to Thy Christ and Thee !

BEHIND THE MIST.

I STOOD upon a misty shore,
A shimmering veil hung o'er the sea ;
Nor could my searching gaze explore
The shifting, shining mystery.

No hand that silvery veil might lift,
Until a magic sunburst bore
A revelation bright and swift—
The flashing of a feathered oar !

Behind the mist were life and cheer,
Glad motions to one purpose bent,
And happy songs I scarce might hear,
Borne on a calm, pure element.

So there are golden gleams that come
Across the vaguely musing heart,
Bright glimpses of the veiled home
Where loved ones dwell from earth apart.

And briefly, brightly, more and more,
Glad sudden shinings break for me,
While gazing from life's misty shore,
Through dimness, toward the crystal sea.

ABERDOUR, 1875.

THE INFINITE REACHED IN CHRIST.

WHITE-ROBED, with naked feet, the little child,—
His prayer lisped duly ere he sink to rest—
Peeps thro' the casement in the twilight mild,
With vague, sweet wonder growing in his breast.

A star 'mid orchard boughs he haps to hail ;
It seems the diamond fruit of fairy groves ;
The magic lamp of the Arabian tale ;
A jewelled nest whose songster never roves.

The future man its unchanged ray may catch
With fevered heart and clouded wistful eye,
From the sick-chamber, or in lonely watch
On foreign seas, or where pale camp-fires die.

His universe is wider, if more dim,
And larger thoughts stream thro' him from the star
He dreams not now it shines alone for him ;
He knows it for the sun of worlds afar.

Once leaf and bird and star alike were near,
But distance grew with growing magnitudes.
And thus, too, learns the soul ; thus, too, buys dear
Half knowledge, saddening thought's intenser
moods.

Yet wherefore fear to know our God more great,
Why dread an ampler, loftier heaven to own,
Whose ancient glories shall have endless date
When Time's frail wreaths and wingèd joys are
flown ?

Oh, this Immortal craves the Infinite !
Deep calls to deep within us ; grand and broad
Must be the palace of our long delight,
Our temple vast, unsearchable our God.

And He is nigh to us, nor depth nor height,
Nor cycles hoar, nor starry spheres up-piled,
May come between ; kept in His hand of might,
Thé trusting soul lies like a weanèd child.

We cannot of the Infinite lay hold,
Light inaccessible we may not scan ;
But the Divine is grasped in human mould,—
We touch the Eternal in the Son of Man.

ON THE
DEATH OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

SHUT the door ! the day of work is ended,¹
And still and slow has drooped the solemn night ;
Eternity's clear starry calm descended ;
Lay book and pen aside—put out the light.

Shut the door ! the long, grand life is closing,
Crowned with laborious thought's rich, varied spoil ;
The spirit in love's ripening light reposing,
And hallowed depths of peace—at rest from toil.

Shut the door ! all told, the earthly story !
Toil, strife, reward, the bitter and the sweet ;
But all life's gold and myrrh, its fame and glory,
The childlike sage laid at his King's dear feet.

Turn the key ! the old loved tasks are over,
The step has failed from the familiar floor ;

¹ 'As he left his study he said quietly, "Now you may turn the key, for I shall never be in that room again."—See *Home Life of Sir David Brewster*.

While at the threshold fond thoughts sadly hover,
And a tear falls ;—he will return no more.

Where in life he dwelt, he clings in dying,—
Where ‘reason, conscience, and the heart found rest,’
At Christ’s atoning cross serenely lying,
He feels so safe—so satisfied—so blest.

Ope the gates ! that gaze which scanned, adoring,
The forms of beauty and the laws of light,
Shall read their sun-bright secrets, boldly soaring,
Unchecked, undimmed, through skies without a
night.

Leave him now ! leave him communing yonder
With Him who made the worlds, seen as He is ;
O’er whose bright works he breathed in awe and
wonder,
‘I found them marvellous, and I felt them His.’

ON THE
DEATH OF SIR J. Y. SIMPSON, BART.

MAY 1870.

A LIFE of blessing from the world has past,
A darkening change come o'er a well-known face ;
A shade—a sorrow on the time is cast,
And earth has grown a drearier, emptier place.

Silence is in the house where once the throng
All wistful waited their great healer's aid ;
Hushed are saloon and chamber, where so long
The sufferers crowded and the sick were laid.

Vacant the board which erst was daily spread
For world-famed stranger and familiar friend,—
For all that came—who, while they broke his bread,
Watched on his face soul-gleam and heart-smile
blend.

And the proud city where he taught and healed,
Whose crowning stars seem setting one by one,

She hears his praise resound through fame's wide field,
But the loved presence is for ever gone !

But woe is world-wide, and the world will keep
His memory dear while mortal ills remain ;
It still shall bless him for the spell of sleep,
Till shine the years when there is 'no more pain.'

There glanced a joy o'er all the life he led—
An outer brilliance and an inner zest ;
Fame, honours, love, the lamp with fragrance fed,
One only boon seemed here denied him—rest.

No rest for him in heart or hand or brain,
No pause the o'er-wearied framework to attune ;
No truce in the stern war with human pain,
Till sudden sleep closed life's 'bright afternoon.'

His soul the while before the cross lay low,
Himself a suppliant of the Crucified,
That mightier Healer of a heavier woe,
Who, to give life unto His dying, died.

Now God hath given His beloved sleep—
Earth's bed of hope, the saints' sweet calm above ;
Sore was the weariness, the rest is deep—
The rest of glory, in the heaven of love.

Through flesh and heart shall steal a soft repose,
Till in God's east the golden day is born,
As night-dews steep the bosom of the rose
That spreads and sparkles to the sun of morn.

Then lay him by his silent children down,
Where the familiar hills around him smile,
Where fairest shows the old historic town ;
Love might not yield him to yon sculptured aisle.

WORK OR REST.

PHIL. I. 23, 24.

'In a strait betwixt two.'

Why should I wish to die?
'Tis true the heavenward way is rough,
Thorns round my footsteps lie;
But is not Christ's imparted grace enough?
And shall I grudge the tear
Wrung forth by sorrow here,
When soon, how soon, His hand shall wipe it off?

Why should I wish to die?
Is there no work for me to do?
Swiftly the hours pass by—
For the great task my moments seem too few;
Then shall I wish them o'er,
Since I can ne'er restore
One parted day, and bid it dawn anew?

Why should I wish to die?
This is my only time to prove

Faithful to One on high,
Lifting the cross to show Him how I love ;
For He will ne'er demand
Such evidence at my hand,
When I repose beneath His smile above.

Why should I wish to die ?
Would I so soon from conflict flee ?
My thrice repeated cry
Still meets the word, ' Is not my grace for thee ?,
'Tis all to lay thee low—
To prove thee—make thee know
Thou art undone, unworthy, but for me.'

Why should I wish to die ?
True, death's a calm, untroubled thing ;
But long I thus may lie,
Ere life revisit me like dew of spring—
Ere resurrection light
Break lustrous on my sight,
And Jesus bid my dust awake and sing.

Oh, it is not to shun
The thorns that hedge the heavenward way !
No wish my task were done,
That makes me long dove-like to flee away :—
No sickly sigh for rest
On earth's soft, silent breast,
That makes me watch for closing of the day.

But my heart's love is gone
To Him whom yet I have not seen ;
Whose glory I have known,
On whose meek breast e'en now I humbly lean ;
And I would' see His face,
And, sinless, taste His grace,
Where flesh and weakness come no more between.

His smile makes earth look dim—
There's none that I desire beside ;
And though 'tween me and Him
Dread dissolution rolls its sullen tide,
I long that stream to ford,
Which parts me from my Lord ;
It cannot overwhelm me since my Saviour died.

Jesus ! Immanuel !
Before I see Thee as Thou art,
My soul must brave the swell
Of waters that are chilling to the heart.
Yet, when I feel Thee near—
When gleams of heaven appear—
How can I help desiring to depart ?

**'IF IT WERE NOT SO, I WOULD HAVE
TOLD YOU.'**

JOHN XIV. 2.

MY GOD, mine Holy One, I shall not die,
Though like a leaf I fall—as dust I lie ;
'Tis a still, silent night without a moon,
But dawn shall touch my sealèd eyelids soon ;
My brow shall brighten in that morning glow,—
Thou wouldst have told me, if it were not so.

This 'mortal,' sown in secret of the earth,
Shall share the unsheathed lily's glistening birth.
Thy voice shall call, 'O dust, awake and sing !'
Arise ! thy dew is as the dew of Spring !'
And I will answer, long in sleep laid low,—
Thou wouldst have told me, if it were not so.

There is a place in God's all-sheltering home
Prepared, but empty till the day I come ;

What time my soul looks out through death's pale mist,
I shall behold Thy watchful face, O Christ,
Smiling my welcome from the world's long woe,—
Thou wouldst have told me, if it were not so.

E'en while I sleep, my heart shall waking be,
Circled with calm,—with consciousness of Thee ;
In some sweet shade, fast by the mount of myrrh,
Where soft south winds alone the spices stir,
Where the keen northern blast may never blow,—
Thou wouldst have told me, if it were not so.

Lord, I will follow Thee with fearless tread,
All through the dim recesses of the dead,
And each shall seem a star-lit vestibule
To widening mansions of the Father's rule ;
Hearts may untroubled beat with Thee that go,—
Thou wouldst have told me, if it were not so.

VIVIA PERPETUA.

A MARTYR OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

O`CHRIST ! to Thee I cry
From out my dungeon deep and dim,—
Hear Thou my moaning sigh ;
This soul is filled with sorrow to the brim :
Look, Lord, from heaven's high throne—
Look on thy helpless one,—
Thy pining prisoner !—set me free to die.

'Tis not o'er earth's delights
I mourn, so early rent away ;
The soft, luxurious nights—
The delicate ease of each bright prosperous day :
The honours round me flung,
A matron, loved and young,
And fortune-favoured, crowned with wealth and sway.

But oh, my child—my boy !—
My first-born ! I from thee must part !
Thou wast of earthly joy
The sweetest bud e'er blossomed in my heart.
To leave thee in the world,
A flower on storm-winds whirled,—
A lamb 'mong wolves—O direst, deadliest smart !

And thou, my aged sire !
I leave thee without God and hope,
Where joy's last lights expire,
O'er the near grave toward which thy faint steps grope.
Oh that my death may give
Light whereby thou mayst live,
Beamed through the gates that for my entrance ope !

One ray of cheer I own,
It soothes me with its shining calm,—
I triumph not alone :
A brother's voice shall swell my victor-psalm.
We who 'mid childhood's bowers
Gathered life's morning flowers,
In the same hour shall grasp the immortal palm.

And He who guards our cell,
Who late blasphemed and mocked our fate,
Grows 'neath the heaven-wrought spell
Mild as the angel of the golden gate.

It is our seal from God,
A blossom on the rod,
One dewdrop of the dawn that doth await.

And e'en these dungeon walls
Have won a secret sanctity.
When memory's far glance falls
On time from glory, here will rest mine eye.
Here, sealing drops were shed
Baptismal on my head,—
Was shared the cup of Christ's sweet mystery.

And now the time draws nigh,—
The time of spectacles and feasts ;
We shall walk forth to die,
To glut the fury of inhuman breasts ;
A fiercer thirst to assuage,
To sate a hotter rage
Than fires the maws of the blood-maddened beasts.

Sharp fangs will pierce each limb,
Hard eyes plant myriad stings of shame ;
My brain will reel and swim,
Stunned by their plaudits at the frenzied game.
Perchance then Christ will shield
My soul, in slumber sealed,
Closing each sense to all save heaven's acclaim.

I lift this cross, O Christ !
Yet on my way, like Thee, sink down.
Dear Lord, my steps assist ;
Bear Thou my cross as once was borne Thine own :
Help me to press, to pray,
All up the dolorous way,—
To strike my harp ere I have reached my crown !

THE VOYAGE.

'Tis no long parting ; though thy bark
Hath earlier gained the port of rest,
Its silver wake my course shall mark,
And draw me towards a shining west.

Oh, we were one, in hours of old,
As o'er us light and shadow fell !
We'll clasp again with firmer hold,
When past the sea of change we dwell.

Our helmsman true, 'neath cloud and gleam,
My longer, lonelier voyage shall steer
To lands where life and love shall seem
Far fairer than we dreamed them here.

Beloved ! thy rest is glorious now !
No surgings reach thee from the sea ;
While storms break round my struggling prow,
Yet storms but heave me home to thee.

At evening, when the winds have died,
In a fair haven girt with peace,
I'll anchor softly at thy side,
Where sails are furled and tempests cease.

THE MUSIC OF THE PAST.

I PRESSED a hollow shell against mine ear,
Once gathered on a long-forsaken shore,
And straight a murmuring sound to me it bore
Of waves that washed it many a bygone year,
Ebbing and flowing. So, in songs of yore,
It seems as if lost voices hovered near,—
Sweet cadences of old we loved to hear,
That broke erewhile in rippling music o'er
Youth's golden beach. O ye mild memories !
Ye whispers of that murmuring sea,—the Past,
How sorrow-sweet the soul that in you lies !
The billows' charming chime without the blast ;—
The tremulous pure light of long-sealed eyes
Without the shadow death has o'er them cast.

V E S P E R.

I LOVE the pensive brow of eve,
 Decked with its first pale pearly stars,
When clouds behind the sunset weave
 Their sombre, dusky bars.

It hath a tender melting hue,
 As flushing purple fades to grey,
More fair than ever fancy drew
 O'er dream-worlds far away.

All forms seem lost in one soft shade,
 All tones blent in one murmured tune ;
And magic, mystic tints are made
 'Tween twilight and the moon.

The earth, enwrapt in restful calm,
 Glides hushed upon her pilgrim way,
And healing dews with touch of balm
 Cool out the fires of day.

'Tis then this outer world's repose
O'er inner realms serenely steals,
And holier calm than nature knows
The way-worn spirit heals.

Oft as the heart's meek twilight falls,
And life's coarse discords melt away,
The peace of God, like dew, recalls
The cool of Eden's day.

RICH FOR ALL.

THE rose is fair and sweet alike for all;—
For all, it breathes the same;—
Each open eye that on its bloom doth fall,
The free delight may claim.

It blows and blushes with as rich a red
For peasant as for peer;
Frankly the breath of its deep heart is shed,
Whoever may draw near.

The poorest wanderer feeds his yearning eye
With its full crimson bloom;
The lowest captive, like a kindly sigh,
Breathes all its fresh perfume.

It is not lordly of its loveliness,
Sweetening each summer day;
Not grudging of its silent power to bless,
It gifts itself away.

For purple-vestured princes, it hath nought
More delicate or rare,
Than what may with a loving look be bought
By mean men everywhere.

And all it was to simple hearts of yore,
It is—it still shall be ;
The charm, in olden summers that it wore,
Still smiles for thee and me.

Thus, hearts that look to Him, our Lord of Love,—
At His fair feet that fall—
Lofty or lowly, each alike shall prove
That He is rich for all.

FATIMA IN THE FIELDS.

AN INCIDENT OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

THE harem's high and jealous wall
 Enclosed the captive day by day ;
She drooped beneath the splendid thrall,
She sighed, now for the evening fall,
 Now for the morning ray.

Hot, heavy noontides came and went,
 And oh, she thought they lingered long !
The fountain's play no pleasure lent,
And sickly seemed the rose's scent,
 And sad the caged bird's song.

Listless she trained the flowering shoot,
 Or braided gems into her hair ;
Her touch was languid on the lute,
Her voice was tremulous or mute,
 E'en o'er her best-loved air.

Oh, pity on the eastern bride,
The pining prisoner of her lord ;
The pearl whose gleam the sea-caves hide,
The dove, whose fluttering wing is tied,
Although with silken cord.

But like some spell-dissolving word,
Christ's call proclaimeth liberty,—
Christ's glorious freedom glads her lord ;
Her heart responds with answering chord,
And Fatima is free.

Her steps are through the meadows led
Amidst the sparkling dews of dawn ;
Fair, flowery fields around her spread,
The azure arch is o'er her head,
Her veil is now withdrawn.

Though timid as a long caged bird,
Joy glistens in her gentle gaze,
And all her soul, in silence stirred,
Too glad, too full for spoken word,
O'erflows with peace and praise.

A freshness, as of summer morn,
Breathes o'er the desert of her heart ;
And flowers of feeling, newly born,
Its life-long wastes with bloom adorn,
Whose sweetness ne'er shall part.

Now dawns for her, 'mid happy scenes,
A woman's true and noble life,—
A loftier lot than Indian queen's,
While on one faithful arm she leans,
A free—a Christian wife.

THE BURDEN OF DUMAH.

THE world's day weareth to its eventide ;
Time steals away ;
The shadows of the eve are stretchèd wide—
Wide, deep and grey.
In boding clouds sinks down the cheerless light,
The morning cometh, also comes the night.

Long hath the noon of pride and wrong blazed high,
And Satan reigned,
And men blasphemed, and sin sent up its cry,
And earth complained.
But none were looking for the day of doom—
None prayed the year of the redeemed might come.

And still, 'mid portents of a coming woe
Men make wild mirth.
Joy lights the festive chamber, and they grow
Wanton on earth.
They plant, they build, choose Sodom's smiling lot,
And mock at sin, and say, 'Why comes He not?'

O dweller of the earth ! fear comes on thee—

The pit—the snare !

Blackness in heaven—sorrow on the sea—

O'er all, despair !

Dimness of anguish on the earth shall fall,

And death and doom and darkness cover all.

But lo ! a gleaming from the watch-tower seen !

A star of dawn !

Long, wild, and weary hath the darkness been,

'Twill soon be gone.

The cherished ray that cheered thro' all the night,

E'en now seems blending with the eastern light.

For the sad Church, morn hath not broken yet,

To chase her fears.

Her path to glory hath been dark, and wet

With blood and tears.

Her eyes have failed with looking for the day,

It seemed so fair, but still so far away.

The darkness lingers, but she sings, ' 'Tis well—

He cometh now !'

The storms that lay the cedars only swell

Her fig-tree bough.

Still as the world's sky threatens, hers grows bright,

Their cloud of darkness is her pillar light.

Sing songs, thou sad one, at the door of hope,
 Thy last by night !
Dark is the threshold ere the kingdom ope—
 Then all is bright.
The Bridegroom cometh ! Hark ! He calls thee home ;
Ere thou 'believe for joy,' He shall have come.

CONFLICT, REST, SERVICE.

CROSS-BEARER called of Jesus !

Strive on in thy mortal strife ;
Tho' the conflict still increases,
And the battle is long as life.
This is the day of combat with sin—
The field of the deadly foe ;
There are arrows around, and wounds within,
And the war-tide doth ebb and flow.

This is the land of the stranger—
The land where thou strayest forlorn ;
On every side is a danger—
At every step is a thorn.
And the noon is parching, and burdens press,
And tangled briars withstand ;
Oh, pilgrim, this is the wilderness—
This is the weary land.

The wells are few and bitter,
And brazen is the sky,

And distance dulls the glitter
Of yon gem-piled towers on high.
And the cross is heavy, and hard to bear,
And the path lies up the hill,
And the spirit is sinking and nigh despair,—
But the cross must be carried still.

Strive on 'mid thy sin and sighing,
There's a rest at the end of the way ;
There's a living and there's a dying ;—
There's an eve to the weary day.
Thou shalt cast them off and bury them deep,—
These rent, soiled weeds of flesh ;
And at morning, after the long, long sleep,
Thou shalt clothe thee all afresh.

Now sleep !—sleep soft in Jesus !
That rending silver cord
From the body's thrall releases—
Thou'rt present with the Lord !
As a shaded couch in a secret tent,
Watched by one stedfast star,
So those outstretched arms, and that eye down
bent,
To thy trancèd spirit are.

A sense of blessèd healing,
A sense of balmy rest,

All thro' thee now is stealing,
And brooding in thy breast.
Like a dreamy twilight, mild and still,
With its fragrant, dewy air,
A silent praise thy soul doth fill,
And a peace more deep than prayer.

Thou sleep'st, but thy heart is waking,
To a secret music moved ;
Thou wak'st, but thy dust is taking
The sleep of God's beloved.
Thou art gone to the hill of frankincense,
To the slopes of the mount of myrrh,
Till the day shall dawn, and the shadows flee,
And the soul resume its attire.

Awake ! 'tis the voice of Jesus !
O dust, awake and sing !
Free as the sunbeams and breezes,
On fleet and flame-like wing.
Braced by the suffering and the strife,
Healed by the holy rest,
Speed on the endless paths of life,
God's light within thy breast.

CHRIST IS ALL.

LORD, mine must be a spotless dress,
But 'tis not mine to weave it ;
For Thou hast wrought my righteousness—
I have but to receive it.
Fair robe divine !—the grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

It is not mine to toil for peace—
Thy Cross, O Christ, doth make it !
I only need from toil to cease,
And gladly, simply take it.
Sweet peace divine !—the grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine !

It is not mine to purchase life,
Since life Thou freely givest ;
Wielding Thy power 'mid sin and strife,
I live because Thou livest.
Glad life divine !—the grace is mine,
And all the glory, Lord, is Thine.

THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.

JOHN XIII. 7.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND UNDER A TRIAL OF FAITH.

WHEN we arrive at our loved Father's home,—
The house of many mansions, where our heart
Hath been so oft before us ; when we roam
With the glad child's free foot, through every part ;

When we look round us on familiar eyes,—
Dear eyes, unsealed from dimness of the night,
Wherein the tenderness of time still lies,
Shrined in the sunshine of a tearless light ;—

When with remembered tones our ear is filled—
Sweet tones of earth's old love attuned once more,
When the rapt soul with ecstasy is thrilled,
Joying with those o'er whom it yearned of yore :

If then our glance falls on a vacant place—
If there's a jewel lacking in love's ring—
If, seeking for the welcome, warm embrace,
We meet but empty silence—could we sing?

Could the heart beat without a pulse of pain?
Would not a cloud o'ercast the beaming eye?
Would one sad string not mar our harpèd strain?—
One shadow on our sun-bathed spirit lie?

O God! we know, though yet we see not how,—
We know that none shall feel bereaved in heaven;
But oh! we are not asked to see it now,
While friends we love not yet to prayer are given.

THE HEART OF JESUS THE SINNER'S
REST.

He is gone up to His glory,
Son of the Father's love ;
Adored by holy angels
And blessèd saints above ;
But He still is meek and lowly,
We may lean upon His breast ;
Oh, the gentle heart of Jesus
Is the weary sinner's rest !

He is dreadful in His temple,
Enthroned in awful light ;
And the proud and unrepenting
Shall perish at His sight ;
But with His blood He cleanses
From the sin through Him confessed.
Oh, the piercèd heart of Jesus
Is the pardoned sinner's rest !

He is crowned with joy for ever,
The gladdest heart in heaven ;

A joy above His fellows
To the Christ of God is given.
But He beareth still the nail-prints,
And He feels with souls oppressed.
Oh, the tender heart of Jesus
Is the troubled sinner's rest !

He is God for ever blessèd,
Jehovah's Holy One,
The Only—the Belovèd—
The Everlasting Son.
But He calls us all His brethren,
And He loves the lowliest best.
Oh, the human heart of Jesus
Is the yearning spirit's rest !

He appears in God's own presence
In His glorious robes arrayed,
Beside the golden altar,
Where His people's prayers are laid.
And there He waves the censer
To perfume our poor request.
Oh, the pleading heart of Jesus
Is His praying people's rest !

He is rich with God's own fulness,
But His fulness all is free ;

He earned it by His emptying—
By His death upon the tree.
For our sake He once was poorer
Than the birds that have their nest.
Oh, the loving heart of Jesus
Is the longing sinner's rest !

He is in the Father's bosom,
But His heart is with His own ;
And he lives to pour His Spirit
On each poor and needy one,—
Lives to make them pure and purer,
Till they shine among the blest.
Oh, the faithful heart of Jesus
Is the trusting sinner's rest !

He is ruling, He is reigning,
In the many-mansioned home ;
But He waits the glad in-gathering,
When His kindred all shall come.
There our place He is preparing,
He will meet each welcome guest,
And still the heart of Jesus
Be the ransomed spirit's rest.

ADORATION.

KING ETERNAL ! King Immortal !
Only Good and only Wise !
Toward Thy temple's radiant portal
Let me lift my wistful eyes.
While the angels bow before Thee,
Let a human voice adore Thee.
Here I worship, here I rest,
God o'er all, for ever blest !

Sire and Sovereign of the ages,
Made a child of days for me,
With the shepherds and the sages
Let me come and look on Thee.
At Thy manger bending o'er Thee,
Let a wondering heart adore Thee,
Here is Godhead manifest,
Here I worship, here I rest !

Son of Man and Man of Sorrows,
Victim on the cross of pain !

Hope from Thee my spirit borrows,
And I live, for Thou wast slain.
Let a sinful soul implore Thee !
Let a ransomed child adore Thee !
Safe upon Thy shielding breast,
Here I worship, here I rest.

Lord of majesty and meekness !
Conqueror in every sphere !
In the depths of mortal weakness—
On each field of gloom and fear—
Earth shall all her realms restore Thee,
All the hosts of heaven adore Thee !
Here I worship, here I rest,
God o'er all, for ever blest.

THE BELOVED CITY.

REV. XX. 9.

Oh, the Belovèd City !
How fair it beams from far !
With ray more bright than jasper gem —
Than morn or even star.
For it the parchèd pilgrims pine,
For it they thirst and sigh ;
All crystalline its glories shine
Before their wistful eye.
Hail to the Holy City !
No cloud its lustre taints ;—
The bright eternal city,
The city of the saints.

Oh, the Belovèd City !
With goodly stones 'tis laid,
With emerald and amethyst,
And sardine ruddy-rayed ;
With jacinth and with jasper white,
Sapphire and chalcedon,

With beryl bright and chrysolite,
Topaz and onyx stone.
Hail to the Holy City !
There life's fair names are graved—
The glory-gleaming city,
The city of the saved.

Oh, the Belovèd City !
It hath twelve glistening gates,
And at each gate an angel fair,—
A shining warder waits.
Blessèd are they whose robes are white,
Washed pure from soil of sin ;
To homes of light where comes no night
Those watchers let them in.
Hail to the Holy City !
Its day is never done ;
The crystal-crested city,
The city of the sun.

By the Belovèd City
A flood of gladness flows,
A place of rivers and broad streams,
A sea of deep repose.
No gallant war-ship there doth go,
There plies no slavish oar ;
But soft winds blow the homeward prow
To haven evermore.

Hail to the Holy City !
There gladness hath abode—
The peace-abounding city,
The city of our God.

In the Belovèd City
The healing life-tree grows ;
And every month with twelve-fold fruit,
All richly, ripely glows.
And amaranth and evergreen
Is every flower and palm ;
Fresh smiles the scene with dawn-bright sheen,
Breathes soft with eve-like calm.
Hail to the Holy City !
It ravisheth all eyes ;—
The fair, immortal city,
God's glorious Paradise.

Through the Belovèd City
There swells a sound of song,
Of harpers harping with their harps,
In chorus sweet and strong ;
The note of a victorious psalm
In high triumphant tones ;
The song of Moses and the Lamb,
And of the sealèd ones.
Hail to the Holy City—
City of ceaseless lays ;

The jubilant glad city,
With pealing gates of praise.

In the Belovèd City
Is many a golden street,
Where, travel past, the tried and true
Of all the ages meet.
'Tis the place of palmy palaces,
The many-mansioned home
Of blest release and prosperous peace,
Where all the crowned ones come.
Hail to the Holy City !
The gathering-place of love—
The soul-desirèd city—
Jerusalem above.

In the Belovèd City
Is heard the voice of health ;
'Tis there the pardoned people dwell—
The righteous commonwealth.
There, in their resurrection might,
They dwell who cannot die ;
They of the white transfigured light,
They of the tearless eye.
Hail to the Holy City !
Home of perpetual youth !
The undefilèd city
Of those that keep the truth.

In the Belovèd City
The banquet never ends ;
It is the Prince's nuptial feast—
His gladness with His friends.
From mirth and song they never rest
Within those joyous walls ;
Each royal guest, in priestly vest,
Treads free the festive halls.
Hail to the Holy City !
How all its echoes ring !
The old imperial city—
The city of the King.

From the Belovèd City
No wandering step departs ;
It is the heavenly Father's house,
The home of yearning hearts.
There are the solitary set
In flock-like families ;
There all are met, no fond regret
Bedews love's radiant eyes.
Hail to the Holy City !
The home-sick child's dear goal ;
The exile's native city,
The haven of the soul.

Oh, the Belovèd City !
How populous its homes !

Ten thousand times ten thousand dwell
 Beneath its echoing domes.
Like dewdrops that the fields adorn,
 Like blades of grass they gem,—
Those sons of morn, the heaven-born,
 No man may number them.
Hail to the Holy City !
 Sun of the golden years !
The myriad-peopled city—
 Metropolis of the spheres.

In the Belovèd City
 The glory doth abide ;
'Tis aye the summer of the year,—
 The height of summer-tide.
It is the long-lost Eden clime,
 Whose beauty doth not die ;
The palmy prime and flower of time,
 Touched with eternity.
Hail to the Holy City !
 Seat of celestial calm !
The love-illumined city,—
 The city of the Lamb.

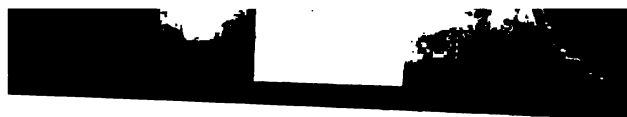
O'er the Belovèd City
 New heavens unveil their face ;
There the great Sun of glory shines,
 Glassed in the sea of peace.

Up silvery spaces, wonder-strewn,
 Wends many a starry stair ;
A sun-bright moon—a seven-fold noon—
 Make eve and morning there.
Hail to the Holy City !
 No change its skies shall mar ;
The heaven-descended city,
 Bride of the Morning Star !

O'er the Belovèd City
 No temple towers arise ;
For those who there adore their God
 Behold Him with their eyes.
No veil is in the Holy Place,
 No shrine obscures the light ;
But for one face of radiant grace,
 E'en glory were not bright.
Hail to the Holy City,
 Where the God-Man is adored ;—
The royal, sacred city—
 The city of the Lord !



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